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SONGS

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THE
SONGS
OF
THE
MOUNTAINEERS

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
JOHN HIRST, B.A. Cantab., M.I.E.E.,
FOR THE
RUCKSACK CLUB.

Printed by W. Allen Corner, 47, Market Street, Manchester.

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PREFACE.

" This is the song of the Rucksack Club,
 And this is the song we sing,
 And why we sing it, well of course, well of course,
 It's a suitable song to sing.
 And why we sing at all, or why we're here,
 Or"

why the Rucksack Club ever undertook the task of collecting these songs and verses are not easy questions to answer. Some of us were mainly actuated by a desire to have in portable form the words of the songs usually sung at climbing centres in the evenings, while others were desirous of preserving many original verses which, through lack of space or unsuitability, could not be printed in the Club Journal. Some wished to give a wider publicity to verses of a general character only, while others considered that even the most personal of our parodies could safely be printed for the delectation of the comparatively small climbing world, as few outside the narrow circle of the elect would ever read them.

The upshot of it all was that the Editor was told to " get on with it," and left to decide for himself what line to take. Almost at the outset he realised that a purely Rucksack Club Song Book was out of the question. Many of our favourite songs—" I'm not a climber now " is a prominent example—are not the Rucksack Club's property at all. The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the Lake District had already set the example by printing in Vol. III, No. 1, of its Journal a collection of five climbing songs, of which one was copied from the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, and one from the Climbers' Club Journal. There was nothing for it but to rely on the friendly relationship which characterises climbing clubs, and set about collecting THE SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

This decision has justified itself beyond all expectation. Every club secretary and every individual author whom the editor has approached for permission to include songs has given not only unhesitating consent but active assistance in settling points of detail, and many have offered further songs for inclusion. In this way many delightful impromptus which would have been irretrievably lost have been rescued from obscurity. The reincarnation of " The Mountaineero " would, almost of itself, justify the publishing of the collection!

But our greatest debt is to Geoffrey Winthrop Young for the " Pen-y-Pass " songs, which form both in quality and quantity by far the most important contribution. His ungrudging assistance in annotating the

verses, tracking down elusive airs, and suggesting sources for further "copy," amounts virtually to collaboration. Without his help the collection would have been a very much humbler production.

No apology is offered, either to the reader or to the victim, for the inclusion of many verses of a personal nature. The climbing world is small, and most of the names mentioned in the lyrics are those of its Giants. We love them for their genial personalities, and for all they have done for our sport, and—we pull their legs with impunity! As a concession to readers on the fringe of our circle who may be a little aghast at our familiarities, we have segregated the "personal" lyrics in a separate section, together with the "Club Songs," so that "any Gallio" may pass them by.

To increase the utility of the book as an aid to "Sing-Songs," we have included a few hardy annuals such as "Ilkla' Moor Baht 'At"—not mountaineering songs, but none the less songs of the mountaineers. The Skye Boat Song has also been included, as a compliment to our beloved Misty Isle.

The Sheffield Clarion Ramblers have just issued a handy booklet of Songs in praise of our common playground the Derbyshire moors. We have not included any of these songs, as space forbade printing them all, and selection would be difficult, while their booklet is well ahead of ours both in cheapness and portability. Even the most ardent exponent of the Light Ruck-sack will find place in his equipment for both!

In the early stages, we gave little thought to the subject of MUSIC. Far from confident that we could sell enough copies even of the most unpretentious book of words to cover the cost of production, we regarded the provision of music as altogether beyond us. But again we had to succumb to *force majeure*. Our contributors demanded music, our members demanded music, and the songs themselves arose before us and protested against being sent forth naked, stripped of their proper clothing! Many of the best songs were written to airs not well known, or not readily accessible, while the airs of some of the very best were out of print, or being original compositions, had never been in print at all. Something had to be done. One cannot bring children into the world and then deny them clothing! So we set about to provide a complete set of music for our club library by purchasing such music as could be purchased, and preparing manuscript copies of the remainder. The modern songs, published at two shillings, presented no difficulty, while we had a sufficient number of parodies of songs in the SCOTTISH STUDENTS' SONG BOOK, and in the collection of lyrics from the Gilbert & Sullivan operas known as SONGS OF TWO SAVOYARDS, to justify the purchase of these two volumes, with a view to tearing out the pages required and binding them together with the sheet music. But the matter would not rest there. Enthusiastic (or opulent?) members demanded sets of music for themselves, and when we had secured half a dozen orders it became evident that the manuscript music must be reproduced by mechanical methods. Meanwhile, the number of two-shilling songs had increased to an alarming total, while the arrival of additional parodies on "Gilbert and Sullivan" and "Students'" songs demonstrated the un wisdom of our original plan of a single permanent binding. The process of trying over the various parodies, to make sure that they really

fit the airs to which they are intended to be sung, brought into prominence the difficulties of the accompanist who has to gaze at the original words while the vocalist is singing something totally different.

Thus was evolved the scheme finally adopted—a loose leaf binder containing all the sheet music (with some leaves from Bailey and Ferguson's "Scots Songs" and the Y.M.C.A.'s "Camp Songs"), to which new songs can be added at will, and the SCOTTISH STUDENTS' SONG BOOK and SONGS OF TWO SAVOYARDS intact, against the arrival of further parodies, all interleaved with sheets of words, that the pianist be more contented. As a by-product, we have surplus lithographed copies of the manuscript music, of which particulars are given at the end of the book. We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. Pimm for the pains he has taken in preparing the transfers, and for the beautiful work that he has produced.

Concurrent with the evolution of the *format*, the hunt for the music itself was in full cry. One song had to be brought from America, another in manuscript, with a quite illegible title, was eventually laid by the heels in the bogs of Ireland, while a third, on its way from New Zealand, is expected daily. The most sporting run was provided by an air lucidly described by the contributor of the lyric as "a popular favourite." Everybody knew the air—more or less—but nobody knew its name! In the end, several of us wrote down as many bars as we could remember, and sent the "G.C.M." to the leading publishers, one of whom eventually identified the "favourite."

Shall we ever be in a position to publish a proper Song Book on the lines of the "Scottish Students'" at a marketable price? The high cost of music-printing, the problems of copyright, and the comparative rarity of the combination in one individual of skill at the pitches of the rocks and of the piano, are discouraging considerations. However, let us await the results of our first modest venture.

All publications by vigorous and healthy clubs are fated to be out of date before they leave the printer! Easter is upon us, with its meets and its sing-songs and—further outbursts from the irrepressible parodist!

If this book meets with favour, Part II, or the inevitable Revised and Enlarged Edition, will soon be clamouring for birth. If authors, club secretaries, and readers generally will send our secretary copies of new songs, with notes as to where, when, and why they were composed, and where the music may be obtained, the task of editing a further collection will involve less labour, though not more love, for that would be impossible.

JOHN HIRST.

March, 1922.

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THE SONGS ::

OF THE

MOUNTAINEERS.

The Key is that of the music as supplied by the Rucksack Club. The keys have been chosen to suit a low baritone voice, where any choice is possible.

Students' p. — indicates "The Scottish Students' Song Book," Third Edition.

Sav p.—Indicates the "Songs of Two Savoyards."

B. and F. indicates "Popular Scots Songs." First Series. Bailey and Ferguson.

C. indicates "Camp Songs," published by the Y.M.C.A.

MSS. indicates that the music can be supplied by The Rucksack Club in the form of lithographed manuscript.

In all other cases, the music is published separately, and can be purchased from any music dealer.

" IF SOME PART OF A MAN—"

Written for this volume by G. W. Y.

Air—" If the heart of a Man—" (" Beggar's Opera"). G Major. (MSS.)

If some part of a man is but dross and mean,
Yet the best in him thrills when a hill is seen.
With the wings of a spirit he steeply, steeply,
Soars over summit and dark ravine.
Lowland and Level may seemly show,
But the great cliffs are supreme to know!
Woo them! Pursue them! Their pitches are riches
Of laughter in cloudland, and dreams below.

Though the days of our strength are a breath, soon told,
Every mountain we loved will our youth still hold!
For the joy of a hill is as deeply, deeply,
Graven in laughter on hearts grown old.
Lowland and Level may seemly show,
But the great cliffs are supreme to know!
Woo them! Pursue them! Their pleasures are treasures
Of laughter in cloudland, and dreams below.

'TIS A FINE CLIMBING DAY.

(Author unknown.)

Air—"The Hunting Day."

D Major.

From Geo. Seetree's Collection.

What a fine climbing day,
'Tis as balmy as May,
To the "Meet" all the cragsmen must come,
Every one will be there,
And all worries and care
Will be left far behind them at home;
See the axes and ropes in array,
The climbers their hobnails display,
Let us join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-climbing to-day.

Chorus—We'll all go a-climbing to-day,
The "pitches" are dry and O.K.
So we'll join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-climbing to-day.

We are climbing friends all
Young and old, great and small,
For each one is a keen mountaineer;
Up the ghylls now we go
To the top all aglow,
As we finish the climb with a cheer;
There is sport in the gullies they say,
The buttresses go well to-day;
Old comrades keep on,
We will meet you ere long,
For we'll all go a-climbing to-day.

Chorus—We'll all go a-climbing to-day, etc.

Cricket, Tennis and "Goff"
At such pastimes we scoff,
No possible sportsman can cope
With our leaders at work—
"Mauvais pas" we don't shirk—
Then three cheers for the axe and the rope;
So boys let us hasten away,
Be joyous this jolly fine day,
O'er the rills and the hills
By the chimneys and ghylls
Let us all go a-climbing to-day.

Chorus—We'll all go a-climbing to-day, etc.

THE VISION OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SNOW.

By S. MAY TAYLOR.

Air adapted from "Nelly Gray." E flat. (MSS.)

Ladies' Alpine Club

When you're feeling very weary, and all life is flat and dreary,
And you're sad and discontented with your fate,—
Then just pack your bag and go to the mountains and the snow
And you'll find that you are soon in better state.
For what worries can endure in that air so crisp and pure?
When you're once upon the glaciers you will find
Even General Elections and Political Defections
Are one and all completely left behind.

In the hospitable "frowst" of the hut upon the snow,
(Which, though it's built for twenty, holds fourscore,)
As you lie awake and wonder if to-morrow's route will "go,"
And watch the moonbeams dancing on the floor,—
The little wooden windows then at times will almost seem
True "magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous sea in faery lands"—and in a waking dream
The spirits of the snow will call you home.

And when your climbs are over, and when all your money's spent,
There is something you are pretty sure to find;
That you've lost a valued article you had when first you went,
For 'tis certain that your heart has stayed behind.
But there's something you'll take with you,—and you'll keep it all
your days,
On whatsoever paths your way may go,—
In all the magic radiance of Memory's golden haze,—
The vision of the mountains and the snow.

OFF TO CLIMB THE NEEDLE.

(Author unknown.)

Air—"Off to Philadelphia." D Major.

From Geo. Seastree's Collection.

Though incompetent as rhymers,
We are hard to beat as climbers,
And the luxury of cities we are scorning,
And although the rocks are freezy,
We will gain the summit easy,
And we're starting up the Needle in the morning.

Chorus:

With my Rucksack on my shoulder,
I am off to climb a boulder,
I'm out of bed before the day is dawning;
But you must not even grumble
If you have a nasty tumble
When you're starting up the Needle in the morning.

They told me I must gather pace,
I tried to keep a cheerful face
To show how short my breath was I was scorning;
But my legs are aching weary,
And the world is cold and dreary,
When you're starting up the Needle in the morning.
Chorus.

THE LURE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By B. M. McANDREW.

Original air by W. McNaught. E flat (MSS.)

Ladies' Alpine Club.

People in England seldom rise at three or two or one,
But away among the mountains it is very often done,
And although we may be weary,
And the outlook somewhat dreary,
The start is soon forgotten when a climb is well begun.
The rocks may seem unduly hard,—unduly soft the snow,
The sun may lurk invisible, the clouds be lying low,
Moraines are often fully long,
The wind may be both cold and strong,
But all that really matters is—Will the mountains go?
Sometimes success attends us and sometimes we strive in vain
But the wish is always whetted further summits to attain
When we return with battered toes,
To welcome and well-earned repose,
The thought that chiefly haunts us is—When can we climb again?

CAMP DOWN LANGDALE!

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Campdown Races." D Major. (Students', p. 308.)

Camp down Langdale!—in the rain ding-dong!—by Gim-mer! Gim-mer!
Tramp down Langdale!—and it's ten mile long! Gim-mer! Gim-mer
way!

Bowfell-fellow fell over at night! Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

No fellow follows down the Brown Tongue right! Gim-mer! Gim-mer
way!

Chorus—Goin' to rain all night! Goin' to rain all day!

I'll bite my bowlin'—on the "B" climb crag!—

Somebody bite on the "A"!

Old Pavey Ark ran down the Stake! To Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

Blisco piked him back to his lake! Gim-mer! Gim-mer way!

New Dungeon Ghyll, he tried one "Course," on Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

Harrison stickled him down—by Force! Gim-mer! Gim-mer way!

Chorus—Goin' to rain, etc.

"C" Variation's too stiff by far! On Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

So I'll bite my bowlin' to a climbing "star"! Gim-mer! Gim-mer
way!

Amen Corner is a "Sunday Pop"! On Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

Put your Arm in the Corner—and your feet on top! Gim-mer!
Gim-mer way!

Chorus—Goin' to rain, etc.

Gimmer glimmers in the wet sun glow! Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

Gimmer's grimmer—when the winds do blow! Gim-mer! Gim-mer
way!

Tramp down Langdale—ten mile long! To Gim-mer! Gim-mer!

Camp down Langdale—rain, ding-dong! Gim-mer! Gim-mer way!

Chorus—Goin' to rain all night! Goin' to rain all day!

I bite my bowlin'—on the "B" climb crag!

Somebody bite on the "A"!

"SUITABLE FOR ANY NUMBER OF PATIENT CLIMBERS."

ANONYMOUS.

Air—"Moved Meadow."

A flat. (C)

One man went to climb, went to climb a gully;

One man and a rope went to climb a gully.

Two men went to climb, went to climb a gully;

Two men, one man, and a rope went to climb a gully.

Three men, etc.

CALL OF THE HILLS.

Words and Music by GEORGE BASTERFIELD.

(F Major, MSS.)

There are feet that fain would wander
On the hills that hug the sky,
There are hearts that live up yonder,
Where the snowy clouds sail by.
There are spirits out upon the mountains,
Hiding in the boulders and the crags;
And the soul goes longing for a rope, rope, rope,
And the comfort of the dear old rags.

Chorus.

All down the valleys,
Don't you hear the green hills calling,
All down the valleys,
Calling to the city and the town.
They come at the bidding of the rocks and fells;
Come to the lure of the lakes and dells,
When they hear the green hills calling,
Calling to the city and the town.

For the silence of the valley
And the solace of the glade,
For the climbers' joyous rally,
Our love will never fade.
Stepping through the mists across the moorland,
Caught amid the clouds upon the height,
The soul goes winging at the startled croak
Of the raven in its lofty flight.

Chorus—All down the valleys, etc.

To the sound of falling waters,
To the purl of the lowland stream,
Dame Nature's sons and daughters
Will sit aloft and dream,
Of the heather flaming from the outcrops,
Of the bracken waving on the breast,
When the soul goes roaming on the purple hills
That ever in the distance rest.

Chorus—All down the valleys, etc.

Have you heard the muses singing
To the merry, merry pipes of Pan,
And the melodies go ringing
Across the heights of man?
When the storm cloud wears a silver lining,
Or the western gold is on the steep,
The soul goes straining for the rapture song
That echoes in the human deep.
Chorus—All down the valleys, etc.

Out on the face of Gimmer,
On the battlements of old Scafell,
On the grim, grey walls of Pillar,
On the Napes above the Gates of Hell,
We have gathered in the secrets of the mountains,
Revelled in the freedom of the hills,
And the soul goes leaping as we stand above,
Like the torrents in the deep-down ghylls.
Chorus—All down the valleys, etc.

THE CLIMBERS' DITTY.

By DARWIN LEIGHTON.

Air—We be Three Poor Mariners."

E Flat.

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

Oh! we be three bold climbers,
A-trudging up the screes,
We spend our lives in jeopardy
While others live at ease.

Chorus :

Come let us tie the rope, the rope, the rope,
Come let us link it round, around, around.
And he that will not climb to-day,
Why—leave him on the ground, the ground, the ground.
We care not for the promenade,
With collar, cuffs, and cane;
No, give to us the mountain farm,
In sunshine, snow or rain.

Chorus : Come let us, etc.

We've left our marks on "Kern Knotts Crack,"
We've worn "The Needle" slim,
You'll find our rags on "Pavey Ark,"
Our cards on "Pillar" grim.

Chorus : Come let us, etc.

Then when twilight takes our years
The homeward tramp of night,
We'll climb along those hills of cloud
Where cairns are stars of light.

Chorus : Come let us, etc.

TO THE HILLS AND AWAY!

By G. W. Y.

Original air by W. McNaught. D. Major. (MSS.)

To the hills, to the hills, and away!
Mortals, what joyance in store!
Sick of forensic display,
Wearied with classical lore,—
For the brief space that we may,
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

Leave we the valleys of care,
Leave we the cities of strife,
Up from the plains of despair,
Up from the levels of life,
Out of this pestilent grey—
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

Months of improving the mind,
Earning of pence, and the rest,
“Shop” of the weariest kind,
Say it is all for the best!—
Yet for one glorious day,
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

Free from the desolate round,
Free from the drearish task,
Freedom to leap o’er the ground,
Freedom is all that we ask!
Up! Let the laggard delay!—
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

Oh for the joy of the fight,
Testing the strength and the skill,
Nature’s magnificent might
Matched with the master of Will,—
Fierce with the love of the fray,—
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

What though the joy be a dream,
Fading the transient delights,
Yet for the moment we seem
Nearer the infinite heights!
Then, for the Now, and the Aye,
To the hills, to the hills, and away!

A NOVICE'S CLIMBING SONG.

(With profuse apologies to a Berkshire Folk Song.)

BY B. AND D. LEIGHTON.

Air—"Ould Joe Braddelum." F Major. (MSS.)

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

Number one, number one, I've been for a climb, so I'll sing you a song,
With a rum-tum tad-d'lum, old Joe Braddelum,
Eh! what climbing lads are we.

Number two, number two, my right hand a boot, my left hand a shoe,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number three, number three, over the Sty, over the scree,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number four, number four, they roped me up a-top o' Mickledore,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number five, number five, I had my fears if I'd get back alive
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number six, number six, *they* call 'em handholds—I call 'em nicks,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number seven, number seven, I've always heard it's a hard road to
heaven,
With a rum-rum, etc.

Number eight, number eight, they yelled "come along," but I begged
'em to wait,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number nine, number nine, spinning round and round at the end of
a line,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number ten, number ten, once get me out and I'll never come ag'en.
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number eleven, number eleven, back to the farm and dinner at seven,
With a rum-tum, etc.

Number twelve, number twelve, if you want any more you must sing
it yourselves,
With a rum-tum, etc.

SWITZERLAND.

By A. D. GODLEY.

May be sung to "Mandalay." F. Major.

In the steamy, stuffy Midlands, 'neath an English summer sky,
When the holidays are nearing with the closing of July,
And experienced Alpine stagers and impetuous recruits
Are renewing with the season their continual disputes—

Those inveterate disputes

On the newest Alpine routes—

And inspecting the condition of their mountaineering boots :

You may stifle your reflections, you may banish them afar,
You may try to draw a solace from the thought of "Nächstes Jahr"—
But your heart is with those climbers, and you'll feverishly yearn
To be crossing of the Channel with your luggage labelled Bern ;

Leaving England far astern

With a ticket through to Bern,

And regarding your profession with a lordly unconcern !

They will lie beside the torrent, just as you were wont to do,
With the woodland green around them and a snowfield shining through ;
They will tread the higher pastures, where celestial breezes blow,
While the valley lies in shadow and the peaks are all aglow—

Where the airs of heaven blow

'Twixt the pinewoods and the snow,

And the shades of evening deepen in the valleys far below.

They will scale the mountain strongholds that in days of old you won ;
They will plod behind a lantern ere the rising of the sun ;
On a "grat" or in a chimney, on the steep and dizzy slope,
For a foothold or a handhold they will diligently grope—

On the rocky, icy slope

(Where we'll charitably hope

'Tis assistance only *moral* that they're getting from a rope) ;

They will dine on mule and marmot, and on mutton made of goats,
They will face the various horrors of Helvetic table-d'hôtes ;
But whate'er the paths that lead them, and the foods whereon they fare,
They will taste the joy of living, as you only taste it there,

As you taste it only there

In the higher, purer air,

Unapproachable by worries and oblivious quite of care !

Place me somewhere in the Valais, 'mid the mountains west of Binn,
West of Binn and east of Savoy, in a decent kind of inn,
With a peak or two for climbing, and a glacier to explore,
Any mountains will content me, though they've all been climbed before.

Yes, I care not any more

Though they've all been done before,

And the names they keep in bottles may be numbered by the score.

Though the hand of Time be heavy ; though your ancient comrades fail ;
Though the mountains you ascended be accessible by rail ;
Though your nerve begin to weaken, and you're gouty grown, and fat,
And prefer to walk in places which are reasonably flat—

Though you grow so very fat

That you climb the Gorner Grat

Or perhaps the Little Scheideck,—and are rather proud of that ;

Yet I hope that, till you die,

You will annually sigh

For a vision of the Valais with the coming of July—

For the Oberland or Valais, and the higher, purer air,

And the true delight of living, as you taste it only there !

TRAMP A HILL O!

By G. W. Y.

Air—Twankeydillo. G Major. (MSS.)

Here's a health to the Jolly Climber, to Hill, and to Fell O !
And to all rough old Mountains,—whose names we can't spell O !
For—they make our bright bootnails to rise and to fall
On track climbs, and on slack climbs, and on crack climbs and all !

Chorus.

Tramp a hill-O ! Tramp a hill O ! Tramp a hill,—a hill,—a hill,—
a hill O !

With a rag time, on a crag climb, all the long day to fill O !

Here's a health to King Nevis, and to Cairngorm also !
And to all Scottish Moorlands,—where a climber may go !
For they make our bright hopes now to rise, now to fall,
For their steep Bens, and their deep glens, and their sheep pens, and all.

Chorus.

Here's a health to old Scafell, and to Gable as well !
And to every royal rock-ridge, that can rise from thy Fell !
For they make our bright sky-lines to rise and to fall,
In sheer hills, and in Mere rills, and in Piers Ghylls, and all !

Chorus.

If a gentleman crawls round Snowdon's " Horse-shoe,"
He will have to make trial of a Cwm Glâs, or two !
Which will train his bright limbs how to rise, when they fall,
Over rib rock, on Crib Goch, on Y Wyddfa, and all !

Chorus.

THE THREE CLIMBERS.

By F. E. R.

Air—"Three Fishers went sailing." C Major (MSS.)

To accommodate the exuberance of the poet, the penultimate line of the music must be sung three times, instead of twice, as in Hullah's original air.

From the Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. IV. p. 259.

Three climbers went camping out into the west,
Out into the west as the rain came down;
Each kept his opinion concealed from the rest,
But thought they'd far better have stopped up in town.
But men must work and men must play,
And hotels are expensive wherever you stay;
And tho' it be raining in torrents to-day,
It may clear up in the morning.

Three climbers camped out in the watery west,
And they tried to cook in the wind and the rain;
Each thought of the food which agreed with him best,
And hoped he might live to enjoy it again.
For men must work and men must eat,
And to cook one's own food were surely a treat;
Still there's much in the treatment and working of meat
That cannot be learnt in a morning.

Three climbers lay out on the mountain steep,
Three live-long nights while the rain came down;
They tried their hardest to get to sleep,
And wished they had never set forth from the town.
But men must work and men must play,
Tho' storms be sudden and skies be gray;
And tho' it's been blowing a gale to-day,
It may clear up in the morning.

Three climbers sat down by the smoking-room fire,
By the smoking-room fire when dinner was o'er;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the storm,
And they vowed that a-camping they'd go never more.
For men must work; but I needs must say,
That an inn is a cosier place for play
Than a tent on the hills on a pouring wet day.
(But it *did* clear up the next morning.)

MEDITATIONS IN A BATH

By G. W. Y.

To be intoned to any suitable accompaniment.

Perpetrated after a day on Lliwedd, in a "shanty" bath at Pen-y-Pass, Easter, 1912.

This is the Snowdon Ranger : this is he
frequenteth Pen-y-Pass, or P.Y.G.—
Who moves upon the interludes in space,
colline and petrine, with tenacious feet
and hands tentacular ; whose armèd heel
by friction may move mountains, and discharge
the anger of the rocks upon our heads.
See him at breakfast ; biffin-like he beams
above the brose-pot and ebullient egg,
chasing the coffee-cups with careless charm,
and gleefully intercalating jam.

A moment,—or two moments,— and he moves
immense, imponderable, based on boots
of metallèd merit, with the web of fate
ravelled about the rapture of his arms ;—
Upon his shoulders Parthenonian frieze
a sack of sweetness, rich with candied fruits
and faint aromas of forgotten feasts,—
sharp with the biting edges of tinned tongue,
and sicklied o'er with the pale hue of oil
Sardinian, sodden pulp of pristine bread.
Upon his left, one like to him in form
ferocious ; on his right, a following face
rubescènt, redolent of time's alarms,
ruinous and illimitably inane.

Stalking the Porcupine's voluted track
they move them from the margin, and approach
the tourist-haunted hollows of the Cwm.
On this side lies the mountain, and on that
lies a great water ; and the bogs are full.

Morasses may not stay them, nor the murk
of multitudinous mist: unmoved they march
mulcting the moss-hags with impatient feet,
innumerable slushter! Shall the screees,
the tattered tissues of determinate height,
dictate the teleology of legs?

O majesty of man! Pedestrian Jove!—
whose dual toes, twin compasses of fate,
can scan the measured metre of the rocks,
schist, trap and gabbro, granite and basalt,
in lines of an immeasurable Pope,
Colossus of the cliffs,— but not of Roads!

Lo, where the leaning lines of Lliwedd loom,
slabbiferous, slob-idinous, and sloped
above the lake, rock-rooted in the deeps,
and thirty-routed in the Climbers' Guides!
Perpend, proud mortal, ere you press too far,
(Yet much I fear that you will not perpend!)
Beware! beware the awful Avalanche!
the narrow way that leads to Paradise!
the voice of doom, that thunders "One" and "Two,"
but aye omits the "Three,"—to shriek "Away!"
cursed Variation, piped on a rotten Reed!"
The Horned Crag cowers behind the cloud,
to gore and fling you by the Girdle! where
your foot shall fail you on the blood-Red Wall.
No kind short-circuit shall prolong your spark
of life, until you reach the Terminal
Arête! In semblance of belated smoke,
Rockered, Ellypticised, and Bracketed,
the maw of the Great Chimney shall shoot forth
your Shal'ow-Cracked adventure on the top!

If you have nails, prepare to shed them now!—
upon the facile verdure of descent.

The iron that has entered in your sole
shall start accordant with your tritulant tread,
and spin the curves of your recumbent bones
about the echoing rocks! The screees shall scream!
your every shin shall bark! And all the sheep
shout with the wailing of those seeing stars!

Lo, time or chance, it cometh unto all :
 and there are seasons for all human hopes.
 So P.Y.P. on P.Y.G. succeeds ;
 Owen on Owen ; and the mountain tops
 skip like young rams to see their Cymric names
 transcribed on Blind Bartolemaic maps !
 The Glydyr Vawr,—and O how mucky it is !
 The Glydyr Less, and O what swamps away !
 And Lliwedd goes—if Lliwedd ever “ goes ”
 (for all my mind is clouded with the Guide
 where Merry Andrews mocketh us with routes
 in highland valleys for the Million :)
 there falls *all* hail, *all* rain, and *ever* snow ;
 and every man blows loudly : Thus it lies,
 (The Guide, I mean)—promising “ bowling greens ”
 and “ bowery hollows ” crowned by summit screes !
 Man wants but little scree-slope here be'ow ;
 But O, he wants that little much less long !
 So for a little hour he creeps, and creeps ;
 Then for a little hour he hops, and hops,—
 and thereby bangs his nails !—(This was *my* nail !—
 Mine own Tricouni-nail)—Ye Maids and Mops !
 Ye Mallorys of England, that still guard
 our native screes ! — My kingdom for a horse !—
 or better still, a mule !

But where am I ?

The hill winds cool the contours of the bath !
 I have bemused me on some distant climb :—
 and am most lost ! Towels encompass me !
 The light begins to twinkle from the coals ;
 the slow fire wanes ; the big gong booms : the shack
 shakes round with hungry voices ! Come, my friends,
 set forth, and, stumbling in disorder, smite
 the ground to furrows ! For my purpose holds,
 to struggle through the boot-wrack and the baths
 of all the Climbing Stars—until I dine !

A CLUB HUT SONG.

By A. C. DOWNER.

Original Air by the Author. E flat. (MSS.) Or may be sung to
"Cheer, Boys, Cheer." G Major. (Students', p 284 and C.)

From "Mountaineering Ballads."

Wake, boys, wake! the guides are up and stirring;
Wake, boys, wake! the moon is on the snow:
Sweet is the night, the higher peaks are calling;
Two by the watch, and it's nearly time to go.
Boil up the pan, and let us have some tea, boys;
Pass round the loaf, and cut yourselves a slice;
Lace on your boots, pack once again the rucksack,
And light up the lantern to guide us on the ice.

Chorus. Wake, boys, wake! the guides are up and stirring;
Wake, boys, wake! the moon is on the snow:
Sweet is the night, the higher peaks are calling;
Two by the watch, and it's nearly time to go.

Forth for the start and we rope ourselves together,
Down by the rocks from the hut to the moraine;
Crunch through the snow, caring not for wind or weather,
On through the sunshine and on through the rain.
Bright shine the stars, but the eastern light is growing,
Through the pure air, so frosty and serene;
O'er the upper snows the morning breeze is blowing,
So here's for the bergschrund, where the ice-face rises green!
Chorus.—Wake, boys, etc.

Chip, chip, chip! the axe is firm and ready;
What though the ice be hard and smooth as glass!
Chip, chip, chip! the men are standing steady:
Scrape out the steps in the wall of the crevasse.
Mount by the ridge and scramble up the chimney;
Back from the edge where the corniced snow is weak;
Up the last slope and we'll halt for lunch above it;
Shout from the top, boys! we've won the virgin peak!
Chorus.—Wake, boys, etc.

PULL THE BOOTS UPON YOUR FEET.

By E. N. FINLAY.

Air—"Blow away the Morning Dew." G Major.

Pen-y-Pass, Easter, 1914. An impromptu. The author was one of a brilliant young group of Eton and Oxford contemporaries—which included Hugh Pope, Nigel Madan and Trevannan Huxley—all enthusiastic mountaineers from their schooldays, of whom none now survives.

It was a climber bold
Set his alarm clock,
And he rose up one wet morning
At every door to knock,

Chorus.

And sing "Pull the boots upon your feet,
The sack on your back,
Pull the boots upon your feet;
How cold the winds do blow."

He woke the brisk, he woke the slack,
He woke the whole hotel,
And what should he meet but some cotton thread
Which tripped him that he fell!

Chorus.

"If you will come up Lliwedd way
And make my rope your own,
Then you shall have a tug from me,
For all your sixteen stone."

Chorus.

"When rainbow-like from Slab and Wall
And Passage we come back,
There's paint shall cleanse the house-dwellers,
There's baths shall cleanse the shack."

Chorus.

But when they got to Lliwedd scree
They chattered with their teeth,
They said, "Be sure it's snow above,
Though it's but rain beneath!"

Chorus.

They looked at all the forty routes,
They're charted all around,
But would not to try a single one
For twenty thousand pound.

Chorus.

So back they came to Pen-y-Pass
And nimbly they popped in:
They said, "There is a storm without,
But here's some TEA within!"

Chorus. "And sing 'Put the boots from off your feet
The sack from your back!
Put the boots from off your feet:
How warm the fire doth glow!'"

BLOW ON MY WINDOW, BLOW.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Go from my Window, go!" G Major. (MSS.)

Blow on my window, blow!

(Chorus echoes, softly)—Blow on my window, blow!

For the wind from the hills

Shall be my comfort still,

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

(Chorus echoes)—In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Flow on my window, flow!

Echo—

For the singing of the rain

Is my comrade once again,—

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Echo—

Slow, up the Mountain, slow!

Echo—

For the Churn of the Scree

Bears me heavy companee,—

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Echo—

Snow on the Mountain, snow!

Echo—

And the rocks chill and white

Shall deepen our delight,—

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Echo—

Throw round the good rope, throw!

Echo—

For the rope makes a band

One in heart, as one in hand,

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Echo—

Go to the Mountains, go!

Echo—

Every rock that we climb

Is a friend for all our time,—

In the heart of the Mountain, here!

Echo—

D'YE KEN WASDALE?

By EDITH OPPENHEIMER.

Air—"John Peel." D Major. (C, also Students', p. 212 in E flat.)

Written for and sung by George Seatree, at a Wasdale Meet

D'ye ken Wasdale with its lake so deep?
Its cloud-capp'd hills, and their crags so steep?
D'ye ken those streams whose waters leap
With a splash and a roar in the morning?

Chorus :

'Twas the sound of the start brought me from my bed,
As the pebbles crunched 'neath the climbers' tread;
For the leader's Yo! Ho! would waken the dead,
As we tramped up the screes in the morning!

'Yes, I ken Wasdale, and Sty Head too,
Gable and Scawfell full in view.
To be lost on Esk Hause, or to climb something new,
Is a fine game to play in the morning!

Then here's to old Pillar with heart and soul!
And to each New Route let's finish the bowl!
We'll follow our leaders thro' fair or thro' foul
And do North or West Climb in the morning!

And here's to the Pikes, and Scawfell Ghylls!
And here's to the Napes, our Pride of the hills!
To each Ridge and Arête and Chimney that thrills
The soul of the climber each morning!

Though oft in our dale the cloud lies low,
And the rain drives fast, we'll not stay below,
But in wind and in hail, in thunder or snow,
We'll tie on the rope in the morning!

FILL THE PEWTER.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Phil the Fluter's Ball." B Flat.

Pen-y-Pass. Christmas, 1913.

The fortunate philanderers and the hapless occupied
Say the time is coming round again; 'tis almost Easter tide;
So we'll summon our society, and hasten one and all
To spend our happy holiday in climbing up a wall!
So they all came up, the barefoot and the best of them,
Manœuvring by the motor or the misty mountain top;
With beds for the proud, and blankets for the rest of them,
The mattresses in the shanty, and the shake-down in the shop!

Chorus:

With a boot on the route and a rope about your middle O,
Bobbin' in the middle like a herrin' on a griddle O,
Up and down, hands aroun', shoutin' for a haul!—
O that's our sort of holiday in climbin' up a wall!

Though our starts cause indignation in the bosom of H.V.
By five we're back as prodigals, all postulating tea;
If the interval for dinner is occasionally long,
We're repaid by Mrs. Owen's soft fandango on the gong!
Though you can't lead a climb, you'll watch Herbert dance a saraband
On footholds that he testifies are generously rich;
Though you can't sing a rhyme, you can boisterously bear a hand
In shouldering the chorus up the customary "pitch."

Chorus.—With a boot, etc.

There are buttresses on Tryfan, most enchanting to the feel;
The descent is not a stiff 'un, if you play the "rimless wheel"—
They will haul us up steep angles on a day of rain and cold,
And bid us, as we dangle, do exactly as we we're told!
And when our toes get freezier and freezier,
And finger-nails are cautiously a-clutching of a rope,
We're abandoned on slabs growing gradually greasier,
With a perforated boot-nail as our solitary hope!

Chorus.—With a boot, etc.

There are climbs upon the Crazy one, that suit one sort of mind;
There are ridges on Y Gleision, distinctly hard to find;
You may start out for the Glydyr on a botanising roam,
And find you're on Elydyr, more than seven miles from home!—
But then if you turn, and make for Craig Y Corygl,
A-following the Guidebook that the Club Committee wrote,
There'll be carnage on the Carnedds, and language simple horrib'e,
When you find you've lost your dinner by ascending Dinas Môt!

Chorus.—With a boot, etc.

There are lily hands that languish, at the Tango-tea and Ball;
 We prefer our finger anguish on the palpitating Wall!
 Let them sing of Phil the Fluter under rockeries and glass,
 We would rather fill the pewter to the rocks at Pen-y-Pass!
 And however much we suffer, on a snowy or a soppin' day,
 Returnin' ragamuffin-like, and dragged through and through,
 Yet we all appear at dinner like a Purple-Passage popinjay,
 With an honorific chorus, for our Conorific crew!

Chorus.—With a boot, etc.

CITRONELLA.

By JOHN HIRST.

A memory of Skye, August, 1919.

Comrade of countless camp and climb,
 By sgurr and coire, moor and glen,
 Whose memories mock the march of time,
 And light the labours of my pen,
 Oh Citronella.

Fondly she'd kiss my cheek and cool
 My temples with her tender touch;
 By many a midge-infested pool
 My happiness depended much
 On Citronella.

Her fragrant perfume warms the heart;
 But woo her with well-guarded eyes,
 Or for your boldness you shall smart!
 In Yankee phrase "there are no flies"
 On Citronella.

One morning from her place she strayed,
 Such things she did behind my back!
 Romped through my sandwiches and played
 The very devil in my sack!
 Oh Citronella!

Exhausted from her mad career
 I found her; hardly could I fail!
 My sweater, rubbers, all my gear
 Assisting me to scent the trail
 Of Citronella.

So climbers who would go to Skye,
 Where midge may bite and sun may broil,
 Ere you set forth, be sure to buy
 A well-corked bottle labelled, "Oil
 Of Citronella."*

* To be had of all leading chemists, a sure preventive of midge bites.

BOOTS AND BUTTERBOXES.

By CONOR O'BRIEN.

An Irish air—"Irizean an Pabaiciniz." G Major. (MSS.)

Pen-y-Pas s, Easter, 1920.

When we go a-climbing with the full impedimenta,

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

Travelling the countryside, or working from a centre,

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

First we get our notebook out, for that shall be our mentor,

See that all things are correct before our climb we venture,

Lest we have forgotten soap, or splints, or liniment, or—

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

Breakfast is a peaceful meal, before we have collected

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

Anxious thoughts of lists of gear must not be interjected—

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

After the barometer first carefully corrected,—

Which has sometimes cheered our start, but far more often wrecked it,—

Nails and Isle of Man machines and maps must be inspected,—

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

See the ponderous caravan bear from Gorphwysfa's portal,

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

Some are strolling back again, who fear they have not brought all

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

See the bent and burdened backs of those that seemed before tall,

Cramped with cakes and chocolate, and carrying, in short, all

Dainty things that minister to luxury of mortal—

Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
compasses and ice-axes—

Up the steep and snowy rocks at last you see us toiling,
 Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
 compasses and ice-axes—
 While the water dripping down is gradually spoiling
 Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
 compasses and ice-axes—
 When the mountain shakes us off, our powers prehensi'e foiling,
 Eggs that would be more secure for more protracted boiling
 Mollify the buffer-stop from which we are recoiling,
 Sacks and sandwichpapers, boots and butterboxes, ropes and
 compasses and ice-axes.

SO SURLY IN THE MORNING!

By G. W. Y.

Air—"So Early in the Morning." (Students', p. 314.) F Major.

The climber's a loafer;—and he loves to wait
 On his comfortable sofa—until half-past eight!
 To the bathroom he potters, when there's no one nigh!
 And he finds brekker hotter—when the crowd is by.

Chorus.

For he's so surly in the morning,
 So surly in the morning,
 So surly in the morning,
 Before he's under way.

He squabbles with laces, and he "jams" the rope;
 And he isn't all graces—up the first grass slope!
 He answers very tensely, if you talk about the climb,
 And enjoys himself immensely, all the whole dashed time!
 Chorus:

The things he's thinking, as he dithers on the screes,
 Would set a City sinking—under wide-dark seas!
 But the special provocations of the hills for men
 Earn a Climber "Dispensation"—until half-past ten!
 Chorus:

But the sun gets higher, and the rocks look kind,
 And you feel him catching fire, as the ropes unwind!
 One spring!—and in a minute all the clouds roll by—
 And he's singing like a linnet up the wide-dark sky!
 Chorus:

And the Moral of the battle is—that "late laughs last"
 So do not be a "rattle"—till the first rock's past!
 For it isn't just a matter of falling off a log,—
 To get matutinal chatter—from an old Hil Dog!
 Chorus:

CASEY'S FIRST CLIMB.

By H. HODGKINSON.

Air—"Off to Philadelphia"

D Major.

A Visit to Laddow Rocks.

Now ould Ireland's not the land where the craggy mountains stand,
Not the part, at any rate, that I was born in;
So when they tould me "Casey, climbin' rocks 'tis moighty aisy,
Come an' thry." "I will," says I, "one Sunday mornin'."
Molly thrembled when I tould her, but there's no man could be boulder
As I started off, in spite of all her warnin',
For I had no sort of notion, when I put my legs in motion,
What a state they'd soon be in, that Sunday mornin'!

So we tramped away together, through the bracken and the heather,
Till we reached a dreadful cliff, all gashed an' yawnin',
Like the place that haunts yer slumber, when you've had too much—
cucumber,
" 'Tis a nightmare that I'm in," thinks I, "this mornin'."
I looked up, and shrugged me shoulder, and I wasn't anny boulder
For the thought that on me mind was slowly dawnin',
That I'd just as good a notion how to navigate the ocean
As to get meself up there, that Sunday mornin'.

When they tould me I must climb the place, I tried to keep a cheerful
face,
To show me inward tremors I was scornin';
So I axed 'em "Where's the ladder?" an' I felt a good bit sadder
When the devils said "There's none," that Sunday mornin'.
But they clapped me on the shoulder, and a rope, to make me boulder,
Soon me sinkin' "little Mary" was adornin',
An' I tuk a drop of lotion for the quakin' and commotion,
Feelin' mighty quare inside, that Sunday mornin'.

Well, I started, in me folly, up a thing they called a gully,
Sure it ne'er before had mortal so forlorn in;
An' I slipped, an' clawed, an' spluttered, an' a word or two I muttered
Quite onsuitable for use on Sunday mornin'!
Fightin' hard to shove me shoulder past an overhangin' boulder,
Wid a crack—a size too small—me fav-rite corn in,
I began to get a notion that me pow'rs of locomotion
Wouldn't get me to the top by *Monday* mornin'.

When, of strength an' breath bereft, I looked down the dreadful cleft,
Wid fragments from me clothes its sides adornin',
All me hands was scratched, an' smarted, and the buttons was departed
Off me trousers, back an' front, that Sunday mornin'.
Black an' blue on back an' shoulder, in experience I was oulder
When I left the place me breeches got so torn in!
An', thinks I, "To hell wid climbin', such a holy mess as I'm in!"
But, begorra, I was there next Sunday mornin'.

COME TO THE FELLS.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Come to the Fair."

A Major.

"Fell and Rock" Annual Dinner, 5th November, 1920.

The sun is a-shining on valley and hill,

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

Of stewing in cities we've all had our fill,

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

Let the seaside-frequenters recline at their ease,

We've work for our hands and our feet and our knees!

Come then, maidens and men, we'll be out on the rocks in the morning,

So seek out your sweaters and shake off your cares,

Come, come, come to the Fells.

There are classical courses with nailmarks galore,

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

And crags that have never been conquered before,

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

There are courses with handholds for thin men and stout,

And "super-severes" with the handholds left out!

Come then, maidens and men, we'll be out on the rocks in the morning!

So oil your pet boots and prepare for the fray.

Come, come, come to the Fells.

There are ledges for luncheon, the tops for our tea!

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

And farms for the folk who stop climbing at three!

Heigho! Come to the Fells.

There are fresh eggs and bacon for breakfast at eight,

And scraps for the sluggards who sleep till too late!

Come then, maidens and men, we'll be out on the rocks in the morning!

So rout out your rucksacks and run for the train!

Come then, maidens and men, maidens and men,

Make for the rocks in the morning!

Come, come, come to the Fells.

THE PROBLEM—CLIMBING BORE O.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"The Duke of Plaza-Toro" ("The Gondoliers"). (Sav. p 163.)
C Major.

I am the Mountain Marabout, the world knows not my equal!
If anyone climbs a crack "all out,"—I climb its stiffer sequel!
I never have climbed a cliff the way that it's been climbed before O!
I'm that finger-nipping, toothhold-gripping, record-pipping Paladin,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!
Just say a rock's "too steep" (Ha! Ha!) I floor it with a leap (Ha!
Ha!)
I'm that highly-knowing, back-and-toeing, trumpet-blowing Paladin,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!

I never think the rope's the thing to wear in any danger!
But I drape one arm with a hank of string, to impress a nervous
stranger,
I drag a novice, or two, about, till they're numb and dumb and sore O!
I'm that mazy-roping, clutch-the-coping, anteloping Humourist,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!
I pause to make harangues (Ha! Ha!) on absolute overhangs (Ha!
Ha!)
I'm that telescoping, stomach-groping, hairbreadth-hoping Optimist,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!

In enterprise of wintry kind, if the hills have any icing,
I lead my party from behind:—I find it more enticing!
But if ever my party's on the rocks,—'tis then my turn to score O!
I'm that boulder-grubbing, Alpine-snubbing, india-rubbing Prodigy,
The Problem—Climbing Bore O!
I look on snow and ice (Ha! Ha!) as a senile mountain vice (Ha! Ha!)
I'm that slipper-slither, dare-and-dither, hither-thither Prodigy,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!

I know that climbing rocks began, when I did,—last September!
And I'll form a Club, in which every man must be the only Member!
It can't be true, that that quaint old crew thought much the same of
yore O!
That beetle-booting, snowfield-scooting, fossil-looting, Pentateuch,
The Ancient Alpine Corps O!
O! How could it be true (Ha! Ha!) that ever YOU or YOU (Ha! Ha!)
Were that record-routing, high-faluting, parachuting Paragon,
The Problem-Climbing Bore O!

OUR MOORLAND BRAES.

By J. H. HOBBS.

Air—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea."

The Scottish Students' Song Book, p. 40, under the title of "The Pipe." A Major.

Written for The Rucksack Club Annual Dinner, Dec., 1903.

There are some who pine for the ruby wine—
For a woman sweet and tender;
But a moorland breeze, I hold, to these,
Its charms will not surrender.
For that mannikin, Care, hops off in a scare
At the sound of its voice so jolly;
And there comes content, to the mind unpent,
In its joys that know not folly.

Chorus.

Then we'll sing the praise of our Moorland Braes,
With their joys that know not folly;
And scorn the wight who can't delight
In their wanton whiffs so jolly.

Let those who look to Gaze and Cook,
For the ways and modes of travel,
Their course pursue, in squad or queue,
With such we will not cavil.
In the gorgeous blaze, of Eastern days,
Let the mewling crowd go basking—
A fig for these, while our moorland breeze,
May be had without the asking.

Chorus.

So we'll sing the praise of our Moorland Braes,
With their joys that know not folly;
And scorn the wight who can't delight
In their wanton whiffs so jolly.

The climber's zeal, we're glad to feel—
A proper pride evincing;
For the climber's "bag," of peak and crag,
Is always quite convincing.
But this I'll pledge, that when stuck on a ledge,
With never a hand-hold near O,
And the frosty night has a keen cold bite,
And his spirits have sunk to zero

Chorus.

He'll sigh for the days on our Moorland Braes,
With their joys that know not folly,
Till he hears in his plight, with a thrill of delight,
A comrade's voice so jolly.

PALINODIA.

By "PRAED, JUN., A.C." (W. P. HASKETT-SMITH).

Original Air by Gerald F. Cobb. F Major (MSS.)

From the Climbers' Club Journal.

There was a time when I could feel
All Alpine hopes and fears;
When I was light of toe and heel,
Like other mountaineers.
Those days are done; no more, no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And, though I'm barely forty-four,
I'm not a climber now.

I never talk about the clouds;
I laugh at girls and boys
Who do the Matterhorn in crowds;
I've done with childish joys.
I never wander forth "alone
Upon the mountain's brow";
I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
I'm not a climber now.

When guides at midnight shout "Away,"
I'm deafer than the deep,
Just when they're "eager for the fray"
I'm eager for a sleep.
Climb, beardless boys, with youthful zest,
I don't care where or how;
But let me have my proper rest—
I'm not a climber now.

The rocks that roughly handle us,
The peaks that will not "go,"
The uniformly scandalous
Condition of the snow.
All these have quenched my ancient flame,
And climbing is, I vow
A vastly over-rated game—
I'm not a climber now.

I see no point in "first ascents,"
And "variations" pall;
It's grinding toil, at huge expense,
Why do men climb at all?
Ah! all too soon will "snows" be seen
Upon my "frosty pow,"
But—seek them?—no! I'm not so green—
I'm not a climber now.

I've long been shaky in the houghs;
 Uphill I'm very "cheap";
 And now the chimneys and the rocks
 Are all made much too steep.
 They charmed, with "pleasure at the helm,"
 When "youth was on the prow";
 To-day, they almost overwhelm—
 I'm not a climber now.

I don't dream now of wild alarms,
 Of overhanging slopes,
 Of "cols," "ares," "seracs," "gendarmes,"
 Of axes and of ropes.
 At that most unattractive "grub"
 I soon should make a row;
 I miss the comforts of my club—
 It's not the "Climbers" now.

THE FLANKS OF OLD SNOWDON.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"The Banks of Loch Lomond." G Major. (B. and F.)

By yon humpy crags, and by yon swampy quags,
 Where we tramp every day till we're weary,
 You may climb till all's blue, but the hills you'll never view
 On the bony, stony flanks of Eryri!

Chorus.

So *you'll* take the PYG track, and *I'll* take the big track,
 And *he's* gone ahead, with the load on!
 So we and the rucksack will never meet again
 On the bony, stony flanks of old Snowdon

The wee holds are damp, and our cold fingers cramp,
 And around us the loose stones are falling!
 But the "tired" rope it kens nae second "spring" again!—
 So the weary may cease from their hauling!

Chorus.

The wild wind it wails, and there's ice on our nails,
 And the Mist Maiden darkly pursueth!
 But no climber's heart can flag, while he clasps a bonny crag,
 On the rude rock, the good rock, of Lliwedd!

Chorus.

VOX POPULI.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Hunting Day."

D Major.

Pen-y-Gwryd, August Bank Holiday, 1920.

It's been raining for weeks on the cwms and the peaks,
In the smokeroom we'd much rather stay,
But we can't face the host driving up from the coast,
So we'll have to go climbing to-day.
If another half-hour we delay-ay,
We shall meet the whole fleet on the way-ay,
And the air will be shrill with the refuse of Rhyl,
So we MUST go a climbing to-day.

Chorus :

We MUST go a climbing to-day-ay,
Tho' Lliwedd looks threat'ning and gray-ay,
So we'll flee from the throngs in the big char-a-bongs,
And we'll all go a climbing to-day.

[Here follow various verses of an intensely personal order. These may be composed as the circumstances suggest.]

We've returned home at last and we're thankful it's past,
We scarce dare come near the hotel;
We've no seats to our bags, we're a mass of wet rags,
And we're cursing the climate like—steam!
But this much at least we may say-ay,
For luncheon we won't have to pay-ay,
And we've dodged all those brutes in their best Sunday suits,
So we're glad we went climbing to-day.

Chorus :

Yes! We're glad we went climbing to-day-ay,
And we don't care a damn what you say-ay,
We've avoided the throngs in the big char-a-bongs,
And we're glad we went climbing to-day,

A LAKELAND LYRIC.

By "A CROCK."

(With apologies for many plagiarisms.)

From "The Climbers' Club Journal."

Urge me no more. Moss Ghyll I will not climb,
Where deuce is called at tennis on the ledge,
And steps are collied on the very edge
Of nothing, while each exit than the last
Is Collier or more Collie. Lest cragfast
I agonise, Moss Ghyll I will not climb.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Others may climb, not I,
Thy pillar, Scafell, from ghyll deep or steep,
Others who steeped in guilt than I more deep
Court suicide, their lives within their hand,
(And little else, and nowhere firm to stand).
Such breakneck rocks others may climb, not I.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Not mine that northern face
Of Pillar Stone to scale, and at the Nose
To drivell foolish (while my leader goes
To drink and smoke in gully out of sight)
The boggling yell " Confound you, man, hold tight!"
Another's climb, not mine, that northern face.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. I do not want to see
The eggs in Eagle's Nest. The Arrow Head
I hold a pointless thing. Nor will I thread
At needless risk the Needle, nor (Kern) Knotts
Will tie in cracks and western chimney pots.
Cracks and cracked skulls I do not want to see.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Rather I'll face Black Sail,
With sun and knapsack full upon my back,
Or up Esk Hause pursue a well-cairned track
To " England's summit," or with aim less high,
Trundling a bike inglorious up the Sty,
" Escape to Keswick down through Borrowdale."

These are the climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

THE NAIL OF THE P-Y-P-ROCK!

(After Sir Walter Scott's "The Knell of the Pibroch.")

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Pibroch O'Donuil Dhu."

E flat

Nail of the climbing crew,
Nail of the climber,
Scatter thy mountain dew,
Summon thy rhymers.
Slam the heel! Ram the steel!
Span ribs and arches;
Slime-stone and slab shall feel
Th' Lord of our Marches

Set the lace to the hooks,
Smear the hand for the rub in;
Leave the "shine" to the Dooks,
But un-dollop the dubbin.
Smite the toe, right the row,
Wing-nail and hobbler,
Heel-tap and hammer-blow
"Sherry" the cobbler!

Base of the beetle-boot,
Shepherd of shoon,
Rusted on rock and route,
Barbed by Tricoun.
Bear thy sole! Tear thy whole
Stocking and "upper,"
Darned be their rents that roll
Slippered to supper!

Leave on highways the "herd,"
Leave the pilgrims to potter.
Grip the grass, undeterred,
Grind the grit from the Grotter
Hitch you sock! Pitch you rock!
Hillward together,
Nailed boot and nailer knock
Hell from your leather!

Where the rift has no rim
There are ledges to lull ye.
If the granite's too grim,
There'll be gaps in the gully.
Nails you lose tell you two's
Better than one set,
Cliff-crew and cragsmen true—
Nail for the onset!

THE DÜRREN SEE.

(Suggested by Tom Moore.)

Air—"I saw from the Beach" (Miss Molly). A Major. (MSS.)

From the Climbers' Club Journal. Vol. 5, page 24.

There's a sweet little lake on the road to Cortina,
Much painted, much photo'd, much gushed on in books;
No peaks are more piquant no greenery greener,
No jewels so bright as its crystalline brooks.

Crystalline in two senses; for Monte Cristallo
Rears proudly behind it his storm-shattered head;
By his ice, which is deep, for that lake, which is shallow,
By his snows and his rocks all those torrents are fed.

I had yearned for that tarn, from whose mirror reflected
Each charm of the scene drew a multiplied grace;
So I sold my broad lands and, the proceeds collected,
I bought a Cook's ticket and rushed to the place.

I arrived on the shore as the day was declining,
The sun on Cristallo still rosily shone;
Yet disgusted I turned me from dreaming to dining,
For the mud was all there, but the water was gone.

"Such is life!" (I exclaimed). "In the Mirror of Credit
My purse and my prospects entrancingly shone;
But that Mirror they've cracked it, that purse they have bled it,
And the Bills are all there, but the Balance is gone."

"TO THE FELLS."

By GEORGE ARROWSMITH.

Air—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." E flat. (C.)

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

Oh! I'm dumpy since I left the land
Of crag and scree and gully,
Though living in this lowland plain
My memory will not sully.
I oil no more my well-nailed boots
For they do but remind me,
Of tramps and climbs in the good old times
On the fells I've left behind me.

Oh! 'twas up and away at the break of day
On many a Sunday morning,
To old Doe Craggs, in well-worn rags,
Appearance ever scorning,
And little we cared if the sun shone hot,
Or if the rocks were dripping,
When linked to a rope in a crack to grope
Whilst slimy hand-holds gripping.

With never a hitch, o'er the final pitch,
As daylight fast departed,
Then down the slopes with rising hopes
And thoughts of dinner, we started.
Oh! what tales were told as the night grew old,
When near the fire you'd find me,
'Midst the pungent puffs of those pipes of peace
Of the friends I've left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget that night
When upward we did sally,
'Neath starlight still, to Rossett Ghyll
Thro' Langdale's peaceful valley.
We called a pause at old Esk Hause,
With hunger we were quaking,
Then up and away to Gable grey
Just as the dawn was breaking

Oh! was'nt it good to be alive
As the morning mists were thinning,
And our watches stood at half-past five—
Up the Needle we were shinning,
Then down the screes on Gavel Neese
Good meals will e'er remind me
Of how we fed at Wastdale Head,
'Mongst the fells I've left behind me.

Oh! we climbed together but yesterday,
 And to-day far and wide, we're scattering,
 But the hours that we've passed 'midst the mountains' blast,
 Have taught us to meet life's battering.
 So we'll slog away with this good belay
 Till we meet if the fates still love us;
 Once again, with a hail, on the upward trail
 With the same old crags above us.

THE CROCK'S APOLOGY.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Said I to Myself" ("Iolanthe"). C Major. (Sav. p. 170.)

The Rucksack Club Annual Dinner, Nov., 1920.

When I started to climb as a very young man,

Said I to myself, said I,

"I'll work on a new and original plan,"

Said I to myself, said I.

"I'll never assume that each tourist I meet

Is a leader of fame in the climbing élite,

Because he's a pair of nailed boots on his feet,"

Said I to myself, said I.

"I'll never throw dust in the second man's eyes,"

Said I to myself, said I,

"Nor pelt him with rocks of immoderate size,"

Said I to myself, said I,

"Nor assume that a novice the size of a horse,

Who's striving to climb with no skill and much force,

Can be held from above as a matter of course!"

Said I to myself, said I.

"Ere I start for the rocks, I will read the book through,"

Said I to myself, said I,

"And I'll never lead climbs I'm unable to do!"

Said I to myself, said I.

"The sport of the mountains I'll never disgrace,

By describing a climb with a grin on my face

When I've taken good care to keep clear of the place!"

Said I to myself, said I.

"In other amusements which add to our cheer,"

Said I to myself, said I,

"Such as billiards, or bowling, or boxing, or beer,"

Said I to myself, said I.

"Endeavour to emulate him who excels

Against one's enjoyment most certainly tells,

And I fancy the rule might apply to the Fells!"

Said I to myself, said I.

THE MOUNTAINEERO.

By ERNEST A. BAKER.

Air—"The Bandolero."

A flat.

I am the Mountaineero,
The demon Mountaineero;
I roam the mountains and I climb
And pose upon what comes my way.
I am the Mountaineero,
King with the heath for pillow;
I am a cragsman, and have a pot-hole beneath my sway.
A cragsman, with pot-hole beneath my sway.

I make my castle in a cave;
My court I hold in ghylls and cracks;
My army is my gallant band,
My law enforced with rope and axe.
I am the Mountaineero,
I am the Mountaineero.

I am waiting and watching for copy and glory—
A climb or a photo in war panoply;
Roaming the mountains, a cragsman defiant,
Gallant Mountaineero, will conquer or die.

Reporters, no chestnuts from me need you fear,
For whate'er happens to me, friends, is sure to be queer;
My climbs are all brand new, old routes I despise;
My boots and my togs hit you bang in the eyes.
I thank you for your flattering puffs;
A startling par is all I seek;
I love to see my name in headlines,
To read my exploits every week,
Heroic, amazing, mad, unique.

Chorus.

I am the Mountaineero,
The demon Mountaineero;
I roam the mountains, and I climb
And pose upon what comes my way.

I am the Mountaineero,
King with the heath for pillow ;
I am a cragsman, and have a pot-hole beneath my sway.
A cragsman, with pot-hole beneath my sway.

I am waiting and watching for copy and glory—
A climb or a photo in war panoply ;
Roaming the mountains, a cragsman defiant,
Brave, intrepid Mountaineero, will conquer or die.

THE CLIMBER'S PROGRESS ON THE HORNS AROUND ZERMATT.

By L. R. WILBERFORCE.

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

He comes, an inexperienced crook :
He's bear-led up the Horn of Stock ;

Next while contemptuous experts sniffle,
He scrabbles up the Horn of Riffel ;

His nose becomes a sorry sight
After he's done the Horn of Breit.

Yet soon he tops, with little parlé,
The summit of the Horn of Strahli.

He braves, no more a gasping limp fish,
The labours of the Horn of Rimpfisch ;

Though sluggards vow they judged the day odd, you'll
Find that he's crossed the Horn of Théodule.

The loosest boulder does not shift
Beneath him on the Horn of Trift ;

He sets the terrace in a chatter
When seen upon the Horn of Matter ;

He treads, as nimble as a goat
The slabs upon the Horn of Roth ;

He scales, inflexible as marble,
The two-pronged Horn of Ober-Gabel ;

Lastly, the telescope of Zeiss
Detects him up the Horn of Weiss.

THE PEN-Y-PASS SONG.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Come back, Paddy Reilly."

E Flat.

Pen-y-Pass, December, 1913.

The mountains of youth have all vanished, they say,
But I know the lie of them still;
Just turn to the right at the end of the day,
And stop at the top of the hill.
'Tis there you will find it, its beds and its brass,
When Christmas has come to your call:
For the mountains are waiting round dear Pen-y-Pass,
And the grey sky is over it all.

Chorus.

While the wind from Cwm Idwal, Cwm Llydau, Cwm Glâs,
Comes welcoming over the scree—
"Come home, mountain friends, to your Rest on the Pass ;*
Come back, mountain climber, to me."

There are friends from the city, for frolic and rest,
Arriving by road and by rail;
And friends from the beautiful Isle in the West,
Who trust to the treacherous sail;
There are friends of the glamour, and friends of the glass,
The seekers of slab and of slope,
You may meet them, and greet them, at dear Pen-y-Pass,
Your comrades of revel and rope.

Chorus—While the wind, etc.

There are walks to Bwlch Tryfan, Bwlch Saethau, Bwlch Goch,
And motors to dank Dinas Môt,
There are routes and nailed boots on each bollard and rock,
And the climber must learn them by rote.
There are clefts on the Clogwens, and crags on the Cribbs,
And grateful repose on the grass;
There are gambols in gullies, and rambles on ribs,
For the faithful who find Pen-y-Pass.

Chorus—While the wind, etc.

There are days upon Lliwedd beyond all desire,
And conflict with cavern and crack;
There is thought of the songs by the smoking-room fire,
And talks after twelve in the Shack.
There is sunrise, to hear of, and sunset, to see,
And the pipe on the P. Y. G. path;
Then the beer from the pewter, and, after your tea,
The riotous rites of the Bath.

Chorus—While the wind, etc.

*NOTE: Gorphwysfa=rest.

Our cairns for the bairns of the future may last
As signs of the climbs of our day ;
But *we* hear the cheer of our friends of the past
In the dark, as a mark for our way.
Though memory calls us, 'tis memory of joys,
'Ere sorrow joined fun in our sack ;
And the thoughts that we shared with each other as boys,
Are the thoughts that old Snowdon brings back.

Chorus.

And the wind from Cwm Idwal, Cwm Llydau, Cwm Glâs,
Comes whispering over the scree—
“ Come back, mountain friends, to your youth on the Pass ;
Come home, mountain climber, to me.”

BECAUSE THE MOUNTAINS GO.

By A. C. DOWNER.

Original air by R. St. Quintin Downer.

From “ Mountaineering Ballads.”

The suns that bake the rocks at noon
And scout the winter snow,
The frosty nights that flout the moon,
They make the mountains go.
Then all awake, with sigh and shake,
At early morning's glow,
And up and out, with song and shout,
Because the mountains go.

What though the route be long to-day ?
What if the great winds blow ?
They may not make us slink away,
To idle down below.
We'll scrape the sky to make reply,
Or climbing swift or slow ;
And swing along with shout and song
Because the mountains go.

A BONGAULTIER BALLAD.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

[Not written to any particular air, but might be sung to

"The Wearin' o' the Green." F Major. (Students', p. 70.)

Commemorating the first ascent of Scawfell Pinnacle by Slingsby's Chimney, July, 1888.

Have you heard of Cecil Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest?
He who climbed the Deep Ghyll Pillar
In the regions of the West?

Every day that mighty column
Reared its still unconquered face.
Back it drove the clan MacHopkins,
Smith Fitz-Haskett shunned the place.

Riled, I ween, was Cecil Slingsby
Their complete repulse to hear—
For one climber owed him money—
And the other loved him dear.

"Listen now, sagacious Coolidge,
Whom the clubmen all obey,
How much will the A.C. give me
If I take this shame away?"

Then sagacious Coolidge answered,
"You're the hardy Norseman; less
Than three pages in the Journal
Won't be offered you—I guess."

Straightway leapt the valiant Slingsby
With that gruesome rock to cope,
And he fastened to his middle
Two score yards of Alpine rope.

"Come thou with me Smith Fitz-Haskett,
Come thou with me, come, I pray!
Be the Homer of the battle
Which I go to wage to-day."

So they went along, conversing
In their loud and martial tones,
Till they neared the Deep Ghyll Pillar
Frowning over "Hollow Stones."

But when Slingsby saw the rainfall
Somewhat pale was he, I guess:
"If I come not back, Fitz-Haskett,
Break the news to Mrs. S."

" Tell her that I died devoted
Victim to a noble task--
Have you just a drop of brandy
In the bottom of your flask?"

" Tarnal death! the rocks are streaming!"
Hastings thus in terror cried,
But the valiant Slingsby straightway
Cordage round! is middle tied.

" Fare ye well!" he cried, and leaping
From our shoulders clomb and swam,—
Hastings, Haskett, and MacHopkins,
Sighing sadly, sucked a dram.

Swiftly up that slimy gully
Slingsby like an eel careered,
And the rope flew out like lightning
And the Slingsby,—disappeared.

Hastings wept both long and loudly,
Haskett, too, and Hopkinson—
" He's a finished ccon is Slingsby
And—the brandy's nearly done."

In a trance of sickening anguish,
Cold and stiff and sore and damp,
Half an hour did those three suffer
Agonies of cruel cram.

Always peering at the skyline,
Always waiting, in the hope
Soon to hear the voice of Slingsby
Shouting, " You can trust the rope."

Then the rope began to tremble
And the stones to sound at last
As if some " prehensile stomach "
O'er the slabs were crawling fast

Till at length, a spasmy vomit
Shook the mountains through and through;
And, as if from out a cannon,
To the summit Slingsby flew.

Crushed and conquered was the Pillar!
Victory was in his grasp!
But he seemed so much exhausted
That he scarce had strength to gasp—

" Swarm up Hastings, swarm up Hopkins,
I can hold you all—and more ";
And our feet were straightway planted
Where no feet e'er trod before.

ODE ON A VANISHED PROSPECT.

(With apologies to A. D. Godley.)

By M.O'M.

Air—"Mandalay."

F Major.

Ladies' Alpine Club.

In the blue and breezy Highlands, 'neath a Scottish summer sun,
When the holidays are ending, and the autumn's just begun;
And the hordes of Alpine climbers are returning from the fray
With a fresh supply of stories, and a stock of nouveautés :

Are returning from the fray,
From the Alps where lucky they

Have been making variations, or at least "another way."

You may talk of grouse and partridge, you may talk of lochs and moors,
Of the perfect sailing weather, and the days spent out of doors;
But your heart is with those climbers, and you're envying them so
That the biggest shoot seems boring, and the longest sail seems slow;
And you madly long to go

Where the great peaks shining show

Through the woods below the glacier, when the wind blows off the snow.

You have watched the dawn come slowly o'er the distant hills of Skye,
You have seen the Western Islands in the moonlight sleeping lie;
You have seen the peaks of Barra rising blue and far away
From the blue and still Atlantic, on a perfect summer's day;

You have watched the seals at play

On the rocks beyond the bay.

Sailing homeward through the sunset at the ending of the day.

Things like these things should content you, but you're not content a bit,
For you want the Zermatt valley, and the mountains over it,
With the wall, all hot and sunny, on the hot and dusty street,
And the row of lounging figures, and the row of slippered feet :

When you come down in the heat

Worn and weary with defeat,

Or with all fatigues forgotten when success is very sweet.

Oh, they talk about the sailing, and the sport with rod and gun,
But it all seems rather empty on a day of wind and sun.

And they talk of local mountains, free for all your wandering
When it's Switzerland you're wanting, and the climbing is the thing :

Yes, the climbing is the thing

And the Alps for wandering.

It's to Berne the bird should flutter, when the bird is on the wing.

Give me just the Alps for summer; oh, what are the Coolin Hills?
What are all the climbs on Lliwedd, or the clammy Wastdale Ghylls?
Give me mountains that *are* mountains, with their slopes of snow and ice,
Where you cut the steps you stand in, and one doesn't stumble twice;

Where some gendarmes give a spice

To a ridge that's "rather nice,"

Or you have to rush a couloir to avoid the falling ice.

Give me some small hut at sundown, when the snows are getting red,
With the stream's song loud below me, and the still stars overhead;
With a long day's climb before me, from the chilly start at one
To the rest upon the summit in the blazing noonday sun:

When at last the climb is done

And the final crest is won,

And all round the snows are shining in the splendour of the sun.

Yes, the climbers are returning, and I know the tales they'll tell,
How the second guide went badly, and old So-and-So went well;
How the snow was simply perfect, and the sky was always clear,
And they did all sorts of wonders, and it's been a record year;

And the places they've been near—

All familiar names and dear.

Heaven send that I'm in Zermatt, or Courmayeur, this day year.

“ THE CLIMBER BORN.

By G. W. Y.

Air—“ The Cheerful Horn.” A Major, (MSS.)

The climber born, he blows in the morn, on the rocks he seems to know!
The climber born, he blows in the morn, on the rocks he seems to know!
For he hangs to a tooth and a toe! He hangs to a tooth and a toe-o-o-o!
But all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go!
But all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go!

For Climbing “ Cracks ” are rubber and wax; and point their feet—
just so.

But a Climbing Crock is slow! A Climbing Crock is slow-o-o-o!
For all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go.

In Hollow Stones, there are duds and drones, a-sitting all of a row!
And we call them the “ Hollow Show!” We call them the “ Hollow
Show-o-o-o!”

For all their hope is in the rope, when they a-climbing go!

But you never should jeer at the man in the rear, though his station
be but low,

For he *may* a Leader grow! He *may* a Leader grow-o-o-o!
But all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go.

The duffer who climbs has scarlet times, as he dangles to and fro!
And all his world is woe! And his only word is “ Woa-o-o-o!”
For all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go!

If you ask me to tell, why I “ rock ” on a Fell, and yell for a “ Heavey-
Ho!”

Why!—I'm all for the “ View ”—(Hallo!), I'm all for the “ View ”—
(Hallo-o-o-o!)

And all my hope is in the rope, when I a-climbing go!

THE SNOWDON ANTHEM.

BY P. L. DICKINSON, CONOR O'BRIEN, AND E.W.G.

Air—"My Chin Chin Lu."

D Major.

Pen-y-Pass, 1911.

Chorus :

Come to Snowdon,
Come to Snowdon,
Where the climbers congregate,
Where your days are spent in climbing
And your nights in song and rhyming.
Up on Snowdon,
Up on Snowdon,
You may sit and dissertate—
If your tie's all wrong and your boots too strong,
You will certainly be hailed as great.

If your views are democratic,
And your mode of life is essentially erratic,
If you seek success from no fixed address
And sleep in some one's attic :
If you give your full attention
To earning you a Civil Service pension,
Though you like tall hats and a smattering of spats,
And observe each new convention :—

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

If in Art you like progression,
Are impatient of the classical procession,
If you gaze with rage and sorrow, on Mancini or on Corot,
And are bored with Post-impression ;
If you hurl a loud defiance
At the Prophets, and you haven't much reliance
On the doctrines held by Brahma, or Mahomet, or the Lama,
Or the last in Christian Science :—

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

If you think you know your way to
The Caucasus and mountains of Malay too,
And have got some scalps from New Zealand Alps
And the top of little K2,
If you have no hesitation
In ascending, in, at least, imagination,
All the Balkan peaks, or the M'glicuddy Reeks
With a lack of perturbation :—

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

If the day's a raw and a rough 'un,
And the pitch is turning out to be a tough 'un,
And the man below says the thing won't go
When you're stuck far up on Tryfan;
If you're on your second's shoulder,
With your fingers getting every minute colder,
And your only hope is a worn-out rope
Around a doubtful boulder:—

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

If your views of Christmas (Easter) cheery
Are a long descent in darkness, very weary,
With your spirits glum and your fingers numb,
And you're quite as lost as Peary;
If for rocks you've no ability
And your legs are somewhat lacking in agility
Why, you still may dine, at half-past nine,
In complete respectability.

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

You may dress without objection,
Be as lazy as you like without detection,
And converse, if you are able, at the intellectual table,
Without fear of crude correction,
The hut life's quite romantic
And the bath a celebration corybantic,
And you'll feel as light and airy, as a casual cassowary
On a rock in mid-Atlantic.

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

We have folk who write and lecture,
We have some who live by luck and Architecture,
And the place is rife with those whose life
Is a matter of conjecture;
We are nothing if not critical
We are protestant and palpably political,
And we break our Wisdom Dental upon problems elemental,
Vivisectionist and Anti-Suffragetical.

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

Though you wear boiled collars clerical,
And your figure's getting comfortably spherical,
You may keep a reputation by prolonged confabulation
About Climbing Routes chimerical.
Though the wrinkles that tales tell come
And your climbs are getting singular and seldom
You may still find your abode on the eccentric pass by Snowdon
With a right round rollicking welcome.

Chorus—Come to Snowdon, etc.

THE COMPLETE CLIMBER.

By H. V. READE.

Durum, sed levius fit Patientia.—Hor. Carm. l. 24.

Air—"The Aesthete" ("Patience"). D Major. (Sav. p 166.)

The Climbers' Club Journal.

If you're anxious for to shine, in the mountaineering line,
as a man of prowess rare,
You must build a firm foundation on a mass of information,
and your intellect prepare;
There's some very special matter—not the common climbing chatter
all compact in pocket guides,
Truth that's far ahead of fiction, clad in rich and varied diction,
which the Climbers' Club provides.
And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
"If he has carefully trained his mind when muscle is enough for me,
What a versatile, many-sided, all round man this climbing man
must be!"

When you're striding through Cwm Dyli, not a sunflower or a lily,
but an ice-axe in your hand,
Every climber's highest hope is to go up on your rope,
an experience truly grand.
For there's not a crack or slab'll make you writhe or gasp or scramble,
or disturb your grace serene,
While they pant in struggles frantic you'll observe the spot's romantic,
quoting Virgil or the "Faerie Queene."
And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
"If poetry's required to relieve his mind, when prose is enough for me,
Why, an almost over-cultivated climbing man this climbing man
must be!"

They can place a firm reliance on the classics and the science,
which are at your finger-tips,
The accumulated knowledge which you bring from school and college,
cannot fail to check all slips.
If the mists are whirling round you and your party cries, "Confound
you! Why, we shan't get up this week!"
Find the height by trigonometry and aneroid barometry,
and shout results in Greek.
And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
"If he took a treble or a fourfold First when a Third was enough for
me,
What a wonderfully classy climbing man this climbing man must be!"

You'll be eloquent in praise of the complicated ways
 that are only known to you,
 And those ancient routes on Lliwedd, things that every schoolboy doeth,
 you will scornfully pooh-pooh;
 You will talk with manner easy of a traverse rather breezy,
 an uncompromising slab,
 When you often love to linger, though no hold for foot or finger,
 crawling sideways like a crab.
 And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
 "If a non-existent hold is good enough for him, which is not good
 enough for me,
 An unusually prehensile kind of man this climbing man must be."
 Thus you'll talk in manner cryptical of "Rocker" and "Elliptical,"
 and Craig-yr-Aderyn,
 Mention angular recesses where the left hand just caresses
 a secluded spillikin,
 Speak of counterscarps and fosses, whence a line of rounded bosses
 leads to "Pulpit" or to "Apse,"
 It will brighten your recitals to employ these pretty titles,
 though they're not on Ordnance Maps.
 And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
 "If each little corner by its name he knows, from the summit to
 the scree,
 Why, what a very well-developed, prominent bump of locality his
 must be!"
 Then you'll tell them how you followed, taking hitches round each
 bollard, a most inconspicuous rib,
 On a buttress quite unheard of, somewhere near the upper third of
 the north-western face of Crib,
 How with subtle sinuosities you wriggled up rugosities,
 and gained an airy stance,
 And a hundred feet of rope gave the leader barely scope
 ere the next man could advance.
 And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
 "If 'exceptionally severe' isn't good enough for him, which is
 much too good for me,
 Why, what a very terrifying kind of man this climbing man must be!"
 And if some one dare assert, in a manner crude and pert,
 that he's done that climb before,
 You will clearly demonstrate from your rib to his arête
 there is fifteen feet or more,
 It's not merely that they differ, yours is infinitely stiffer,
 it's the class that's not the same;
 And the thing can't be disputed if your route is safely suited
 with a not too Welsh Welsh name.
 And the whole hotel will say, as you start up Lliwedd way,
 "If the Anglo-Saxon tongue isn't good enough for him, which is
 quite good enough for me,
 What an ultra-philological climbing man this climbing man must be!"

FORTY YEARS ON.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

Air—"Forty Years On" (The Harrow Song) F Major.

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play;
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you,
Echoes of notes like the catch of a song—
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Murmurs of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the hills and the dales ring again,
With the tramp of the hill-faring men!
Fol-low up! Fol-low up!

Strife that was friendly, and work that was willing,
Mountains attempted and muddled and won;
War without enemies, sport without killing;
How will it seem to you forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart or the wavering knee,
Never the struggle waxed earnest but in it,
Neither the last nor the feeblest, were we!
Follow up, etc.

O the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun!
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them one with another,
Gullies of gabbro and ridges of slate,
Loved the gaunt crag with the heart of a brother,
Hated the scree with a desperate hate!
Follow up, etc.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God keep us eager to storm or beleaguer,
Routes to discover and courses to con,
Craggs for the scramblers and hills for the rambles,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on!
Follow up, etc.

WARNINGS.

By MRS. W. T. PALMER.

Original air by Miss Palmer. C Major (MSS.)

May also be sung to "**In Cellar Cool.**" G Major. (Students', p. 184.)

From the "Fell and Rock" Club Journal, Vol. III., p. 83.

Oh! Some Rocky chaps get rare old thrills
When climbing on the mountains,
Or scrambling up through Piers Ghyll
(Slime's not a thing worth counting);
A pool, a crawl, a monstrous wall,
And rotten chunks for gripping,
Like drowned rats in the waterfall,
Behold them, choking, dripping.

When you set out late to Pillar climb,
Don't pause at boulders tempting,
Or watch the sky with thoughts sublime,
Time's passage not lamenting;
If Walker's gorge be dry and bright
Just kindly circumvent it,
You might get stuck there all the night
With leisure to repent it.

One gang was trapt in such a plight
With nought to eat but 'bacco,
They should be nabbed for sleeping out,
And wand'ring off the track-o:
They slumbered in a mighty cave
And dreamt of rocks a-falling,
Of morning mists they often rave
O'er Ennerdale a-rolling.

Of Central Chimney do not brag,
Its holds need so much finding;
In avalanches down Doe Crag
The stones come often grinding;
But let me see, along the scree,
The leader's rope unwinding—
There's not to me a joy more free
Than Climbing, Climbing, Climbing!

HERE'S HEALTH TO LIFE.

A Song for Moorland Tramps.

By J. H. HOBBS.

Original air by A. D. BRISCOE. E flat. (MSS.)

In good old ancient days,
When lord of shire and queenly dame,
As told in minstrel lays,
Held festive court—when sport and game
In endless round filled up each hour;
When jest and quip and laugh and song
The grey old walls were heard among;
When damsel fair and gallant knight
Kept troth, as fell the pale moonlight,
In leafy grove or scented bower;
Sure life was then a glorious thing,
Alike for peasant, knight, or king.

Chorus: Then fill the goblet up:
We'll drink a hearty measure
To each good thing that life can bring,
For life's a glorious treasure.
Though wind blow keen and cold,
There's sunshine still—untold;
So once again, with might and main,
Sing "Life's a glorious treasure."

The times are changed—what then?
Our damsels still are fresh and fair;
Our hearts are those of men,
Though foolish pessimists declare
We lack the blood that used to be.
The chase is gone, but crag and fell
Now wield a more seductive spell;
Our tourney is of mirthful din
By cheery fire of wayside inn,
Where Hebe, coy, dispenses—tea;
And free as bird aloft we'll sing
That life is still a glorious thing. Chorus:

Life's path is hard, they say,
But what is that to me or you?
And skies are sometimes grey,
But shall we look with gloomy view
On what the fates may hold in store?
Come comrades, staunch and true and stout,
Fling care with all his minions out,—
For wildest wind-swept moorland waste
Bears waters fresh and sweet to taste;
Then sling the pack and tramp it o'er,
And free as bird that soars on wing,
Say, "Life is aye a glorious thing." Chorus:

HA, HA,—THE CLIMBING KNOT!

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Duncan Gray." F Major. (B. and F.)

Readers of climbing textbooks, the only mountaineers who concern themselves with the technique of the rope, will be familiar with this knotty problem, and may sympathise with its effects, as here chronicled!

Montem Moon came here to climb!—(Cho.) Ha, Ha,—the Climbing Knot!
Clomb the pass in record time!—(Cho.) Ha, Ha,—the Climbing Knot!
Coiled nine cords around his back;
Hitched a ninety-pounder sack;
Waltzed galumphing up the track!—(Cho.) Ha. Ha.—the Climbing Knot!

Montem!—heed what experts say!—Chorus:
Tie your waist-knot *with* the "lay!"—Chorus:
Montem, mooning miles ahead,
Can't remember what they said!—
Knots *against* the "lay" instead!—Chorus:

Montem moons on nineteen routes,—Chorus:
Nine times changes shoes for boots!—Chorus:
All his efforts prove in vain;
Under each and every strain—
"There's that noose come loose again!"—Chorus:

Montem murmurs—"Something's not—Chorus:
Right with this revolting knot!—Chorus:
Every fancy stance he tries—
While his Second shuts his eyes!—
Still that jaunty knot unties!—Chorus:

Till, at length, a running hitch—Chorus:
Jerked him off a purple pitch!—Chorus:
As he lay—a shade downcast!—
Lo,—he found the knot stuck fast!—
Ravelled *with that* "lay" at last!—Chorus:

Here's the moral of my song—(Ha, Ha,—the Climbing Knot.)
Knots must *not* be knotted wrong!—(Ha, Ha,—the Climbing Knot!)
Lace your "lays" the lawful way;—
Or be found, some later day,
Labelled in *this* sort of Lay!—(Ha, Ha,—the Climbing Knot!)

LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION NEAR ROSTHWAITE.

By SADIE SPENCE CLEPHAN.

Air—"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" B flat. (Students', p. 280.)

From the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal. The date of the "depression" is September, 1907.

When I climb upon the rocks
I suffer horrid shocks,
As up gully, crag, or chimney I am led;
I scramble and I tussle
Though I haven't any muscle,
And am sadly inefficient in the head.

Chorus:

Haul! haul! haul! my feet are slipping,
My handholds all are loose and wet;
Oh! keep me very tight,
For my balance isn't right,
I've eternity below me, don't forget.

On the Pillar Rock sublime,
In essaying the North Climb,
I found the Stomach Traverse very tight,
And when I reached the Nose,
To add unto my woes,
Fell and dangled on the rope and got a fright.
Chorus:

On the Eagle's Nest Arête,
I got into such a state,
That to use the stirrup rope I was compelled,—
But I could not get the knack,
So was hauled up like a sack;
And my knuckles on the rocks contused and swelled.
Chorus:

When we went with Haskett-Smith
My climbing was a myth,
For he always pulled me up upon the rope.
But I fear I didn't grumble,
For without it I should tumble,
And, 'twas better than to sit below and mope.
Chorus:

In a gully on Great End
My foothold did descend,
And I descended with it down the pitch;
Green with fear and moss and mud,
And the sight of Haskett's blood,
Whose hands had drawn up sharp against the hitch.
Chorus:

Even in my bed, asleep,
About the rocks I creep,
With my nightclothes fairly whirling in the gale :
With the rope around my neck,
And my nerves a perfect wreck,
And loose boulders falling down on me like hail,
Chorus :

THE TRIPPERCOCK.

By CLAUDE E. BENSON.

A very *loose* Carol of the Lake District.

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

'Twas dammot! And the flicksy sails
Did fly and flimmer o'er the wave ;
All toorisd were the Borrodails,
And the Beercasks outgave.

Beware the Trippercrock, my son,
The glass that flies, the stones that crash ;
Beware the Pop-Pop bird, and shun
The frumious Bottlesmash.

He bound his clinknale sole on foot ;
Longtime the lantic foe he sought ;
Then rested well by the Pinnakell,
And groused awhile in thought.

And, as in thought he humpied there,
The Trippercrock, with lingo blue,
Hurled piffing through the scorfle air,
And hurtled as it threw.

One! Two! Click! Click! And sharp and quick
The clinknale foot went clitter-clack ;
Till when it swore to chuck no more,
He went jodumphling back.

And hast thou smit the Trippercrock?
Come to my arms, my plucksome boy!
A safious time, Cerloo, Cerlimb.
He kaykwalked in his joy.

'Twas dammot! And the flicksy sails
Did fly and flimmer o'er the wave ;
All toorisd were the Borrodails,
And the Beercasks outgave.

DOE CRAGS.

Words and Music by GEORGE BASTERFIELD. C Major. (MSS.)
From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

Have you seen Doe Crag? they're a grand old pile
For climbing, for climbing,
There are lots of routes of a varied style
On Doe Crag for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus. Out from the village where the quarrymen dwell,
Just about an hour from the Yew-tree dell,
You'll find them frowning over Torver Fell.
Doe Crag for climbing!

You can see Great Gully, it's a rare old gash
For climbing, for climbing,
You can reckon "Intermediate" a climb first-class
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

You have heard of "Central," it's a thing sublime
For climbing, for climbing,
And there's grim "North Gully" with its rigid line
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

Shall we sing of "Easter," with its famous crack,
For climbing, for climbing,
With its variation and its chimney "black"
On Doe Crag for climbing.

Chorus.

There are scoops and crawls, there are slabs and chocks
For climbing, for climbing,
Splits, arêtes and traverses with bulging blocks
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

There's a neat little pinnacle in "easy A,"
For climbing, for climbing,
There's a host of problems and a wealth of play
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

There's buttresses A.B.C.D.E.,
For climbing, for climbing,
Five good buttresses you'll agree
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

When you look up your scramble on the Doe Crag chart
For climbing, for climbing,
You will learn of climbers who have played their part
On Doe Crag, for climbing, for climbing.

Chorus.

OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Bedenklichkeiten." A German Student Song. G Major. (MSS.)

If it's the truth that we feel our limbs older;
If, in good sooth, we find Easter climbs colder;
Is it for old mountaineers to explain
Why we return here, again and again?

What though we stroll in a bunch up the track;
What though so soon after lunch we turn back;
What though we linger, and yarn in the porch;
How would you have us else, "hand on the torch"?

What though we seem to smile less in the slack times;
What though we dream awhile over our crack climbs;
What though we like a long snooze on the top;
Is that a reason for shutting up shop?

Granted we write less of "pitches" than "strata";
Granted our "new climbs" are mostly errata;
Some one must keep up the Great Mountain Bluff,
Go on producing our "classical" stuff!

If our old frames can't do *one* "Pen-y-Pass trick";
If our chief interests seem epigastric;
Label us "fogies," but let us be seen!
Surely it's something to be a "has-been"?

Life has no bogies but patience will mend them;
Hills have no "fogies" but nature must end them;
Bear with us kindly when we're on the shelves,
Children, why, you'll be the old bores yourselves!

THE TOPMOST ELEVATION.

Air—"Maggie Lauder." G Major.

From The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal. Vol. VI. p. 52.

When high hill taps, like baxters' baps, wi' snaw are white an' floury;
When doon the lum the hailstones come in winter's wildest fury;
When young an' auld, tae jink the cauld, devise a thoosan' ways, sirs;
At hame in toon we'll no sit doon, we'll up an spiel the braes, sirs!

Our President in words weel-kent, said hills were bigged maist human,
They've feet, an' heid, an' shouthers-deed! like ony man or woman;
King Dauvit's psalms rehearse their charms—he maun hae been a
climber—

An' mountains' names poetic flames hae lit in ilka rhymer.

Let Switzer boast his mountain host, an' craw o' Alpine story;
Or nigger-loon "Hills o' the Moon"—they ca' them "Ruenzori"—
Auld Scotland kens a thoosan' Bens could ding them tapsalteerie,
The great Munra he named them a'—fair coontin! no comsteerie.

Wi' rod an' gun some tak' their fun; an' some on cycles wallop;
An' some gang trips i' trains or ships, through foreign climes to gallop;
The gowfin' game a when'll claim, tae gie their hochs a streekin';
A sma'er class the bottle pass till aiblins they're past speakin'—

Then let us a', baith great an' sma', in fav'rit pastime revel,
Sae lang as such is aye in touch wi' aims o' worthy level;
That spiel'n Bens the lead maintains—I think needs sma' persuasion;
Oer constant aim is aye the same—"the tapmost elevation."

“ ONCE I SOUGHT—”

By G. W. Y.

Air—“ Once I loved a Maiden Fair.”

B Major.

Once I sought the Needle Point
Up and down the Napes-screes.
But my climbs are out of joint,
For it still escapes me.
Climbers' guides say its sides
Are of rocks the steepest.
Climbers' guides ne'er say it hides
Where the mists are deepest !

I my piton rings have got,—
Burning to embed them ;
Practised every kind of knot
Needles need, to thread them.
Many a day, miles away,
Shapes like Napes I've sighted ;
Once again, in fog and rain,
Plodded home,—benighted !

The weather, wavering and untrue,
Every time has broken !
As that Needle slipped from view,
Many a word I've spoken !
Fare thee well, false Need-el !
Napes are all a fable.
The Needle in the Haystack—Fell !
I'll search no more on Gable !

SKYE BOAT SONG.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S VERSION,
as given in The Scottish Students' Song Book, p. 206, G Major.

Chorus. Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day,
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul,
Where is that glory now?

Chorus. Sing me, etc.

Give me again, all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone.

Chorus. Sing me, etc.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me—is gone.

Chorus. Sing me, etc.

HAROLD BOULTON'S VERSION,
as given in "Songs of the North."

Chorus. Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing!
"Onward!" the sailors cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder-clouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus. Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;
Ocean's a royal bed;
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Chorus. Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Many's the lad that fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield;
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Cullodens field.

Chorus. Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men,
Yet ere sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

Chorus. Speed, bonnie boat, etc.

SWEET SALLY GRAY.

Words by R. ANDERSON, 1892.

**Tune (G Major) taken down by Miss Wakefield
from an old man in Cumberland.**

A Cumberland folk song beloved of the "Fell and Rock."

Come, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
But tow mun lock't up i' thi breast,
I wuddn't for aw Dalston parish
It com to the ears o' the rest;
Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,
A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
Tou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',
And nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
And mony mair cums i' the county,
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match;
It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,
Wi' the fells abuin aw, far away—
There is nee sic pleace, nit in England,
For there lives the sweet Sally Gray.

I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday,
And she's just the varra same yage,
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,
I'd freely give up a year's wage;
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin',
And singin' about Jemmy Gay,
I keek by the haystack, and lissen,
For wain wad I see Sally Gray.

O wad I but lword o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliament man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,
Wad she nobbet gi' me her han'.
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,
And gar fwolk stan' out o' the way,
Then I'd loup up behint like a footman,
O' the worl' for my sweet Sally Gray.

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace;
God help them, peer deeth-luikin' bodies,
Widout a bit reed i' their feace.
But Sally's just like allybaster,
Her cheeks are twee rwose-buds in May—
O lad, I cou'd stan' here for ever,
And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

PUDDLECOMBE FAIR.

Air—Widdicome Fair (Uncle Tom Coblelgh). G Major. (C).

From Geo. Seatree's Collection.

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, come to the 'Grey Mare,'
All along, down along, out along Lee.
For I wants for to sample the liquor what's there
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker, Johnny Power,
Bew Cannon, Billy Bass,
Old Worthington, Guinness and all,
Old Worthington, Guinness and all."

"But when shall I meet 'ee?" Afore half-past nine,
All along, down along, out along Lee.
And 'ee pay for your drink and I'll pay for mine
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker, etc.

They climbed to the inn at the top of the hill;
All along, down along, out along Lee.
But though they called loudly they got not a gill
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker, etc.

The whiskey was water, the ale was no more;
All along, down along, out along Lee.
And Tom Pearce 'e sat down on a stool and 'e swore
At Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker, etc.

When the wind bloweth cold on a Saturday night.
All along, down along, out along Lee.
Tom Pearce in the "Grey Mare" no more doth delight
With Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker, etc.

And all the night long we heard groaning instead;
All along, down along, out along Lee.
Of Tom Pearce and his mate going thirsty to bed
Without Bill Brewer, Jan Dewar, Johnny Walker,
Johnny Power, Bew Cannon, Billy Bass,
Old Worthington, Guinness and all.
Old Worthington. Guinness and all.

“CLAPHAM TOON END.”

A Folk Song. F Major. (MSS.)

A “Yorkshire Ramblers” favourite.

By Clapham Toon End liv'd an old Yorkshire Tyke,
W'ot for deal-in' in horse-flesh was nivver the like,
'Twas his boast that of all the hard bargains he'd hit,
He'd a vast many bitten and nivver got bit.

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, Dum-my dum da-ry, Dum-my
dum da-ry, Dum-my dum day !

Now owd Tommy Tow'rs by that name he was known,
Had a carrion owd tit that was all skin an' bone,
If he'd killed her for t'dogs 'twould have been just as well,
But 'twas Tommy's opinion she'd die of hersen !

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

Now Ab'ram Moggins, a Lancashire cheat,
Thought to diddle owd Tommy would be a fine treat,
He'd a horse that wor better nor Tommy's ; for why ?
The night afore that he thowt proper to die !

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

So he comes up to Tom, and t'question he pops,
“ Twixt thy horse an' mine, prithee, Tommy, what swaps ?
“ What'll give us to boot, lad, mines' t' better horse still ? ”
Say's Tommy “ I'll swap even hands an you will ! ”

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

A'bram preach'd a lang time aboot summat to boot,
Insistin' that his was the livelier brute,
But Tom he clags fast to the place he's begun,
Till Ab'ram wags hands, crying’ “ Done, Tommy, done ! ”

Chorus . Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

Say's Ab'ram “ Owd Tommy, I'se sorry for thee,
I thowt that thou'd gotten more white to thine ee ;
Good luck to thy bargain, for my horse is deead,”
“ Oh ! aye ! “ Say's Tommy,” an' my yan is flay'd ! ”

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

So owd Tom he got t'best o' the bargain, a vast,
An' cums off wi' the Yorkshireman's triumph at t' last,
Tho' twixt twa deead 'osses there's not mich to choose,
Yet owd Tom he got t'best by t'hide an' four shoes !

Chorus : Dum-my dum da-ry, etc.

A COUNTRY COURTIN'.

By DARWIN LEIGHTON.

Air—"Young Herchard." G Major. (MSS.)

Ya Setterda neet, es I'se heerd tell,
Young Bob cum ower frae Cartmell Fell
A coortin' a lass, th' cawd her Jane,
She leev'd at a farm doon Coomer Lane.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Bob donned his best, and he leuk'd gay smart,
For he knew this lass hed stown his heart,
An' he whistled hissels a lively tune,
For he'd sin three magpies i't efternoon.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Noo it happened as Jane was 't hoose b'hersel',
An' she thow't of her lad frae Cartmell Fell,
For her fwoak hed gone wi' t' horse and gig,
Ta visit some nebbers at Bowland Brig.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Missus left her her orders o' serene,
To ren ta t' barns if they sud scream,
Ta keep a good fire, and leuk t' auld sow,
An sarra two lambs 'es 'd lost ther yow.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Bob waited, poor lad, his legs were like leead,
When a hullet flew oot just ower his heead,
He heeard it say "to whit, to whoo
If thoo's ga'an to wed, thoo'll hev ta woo."

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Through t'kitchen winda he tuk a leuk,
An' spied his Jane in t' ingle neuk,
He thowt t'll hissels, I'll ex for a match,
An' Jane fair jumped when he lifted t' latch.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Noo wasn't she fain, what a fuss sh' did maak,
Fetcht cooslip wine and sweet currin caak,
And th're th' sat, b' a girt peaat fire,
Wi' his arm around his heart's desire.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Th' talked aboot ga'an ta't Crosthet dance,
If t' missis would nobbut gi' Jane a chance,
She'd a bran new blouse Bob bowt her at Fair,
An' yards o' blue ribbin ta tee up her hair.

Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Three magpies ya kna is a sign for ta wed,
 Bob felt it was time as summat was said,
 He caw'd her his rose, his jewel, his plum,
 An' she promised ta wed him when Wissenda cum.
 Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

Th' took a lile farm doon Winster way,
 An' there th' leeved for many a day,
 The'v horses, and coos, and pigs, and sheep,
 An' th're o' th'r aan an' i' gay good keep.
 Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

You lads wat's keen on Canada brass,
 Think twice afoor ya leeve yer lass,
 Just tak a leaf frae Cartmell Bob,
 There's a fortun' here if y'll mind y'r job.
 Wi mi dummell dum dollykin, dummell dum day.

ON ILKLA' MOOR BAHT 'AT.

A dialect song from the West Riding of Yorkshire. C Major.

Parent—Wheer wer' ta bahn we'n Aw saw thee

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at?

Son—Aw wor a-coortin' Mary Jane

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Parent—Tha'll sewerly ketch thi deeath o' cowl

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Son—Then yo can coom an' berry me

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Parent—Then t' wurrms'll coom an' ate thee oop

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Son—Then t' ducks'll coom an' ate oop t'wurrms

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Parent—Then us'all coom an' ate oop t'ducks

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Son—Then yo'll all hev 'aten me

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

Parent—That's how us gets us own back

On Ilkla' Moor baht 'at.

OLE KING COLE.

(Army Version.)

B flat.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Buglers three.
Now ev'ry Bugler had a very fine "toot," and a very fine "toot"
 had he.
' Toot-too-too-toot-toot-toot!" said the Bugler.
 "Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Corporals three.
Now ev'ry Corporal had a very fine thirst, and a very fine thirst had he.
' Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-toot-toot-toot!" said the Bugler.
 "Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Sergeants three.
Now ev'ry Sergeant had a very fine voice, and a very fine voice had he.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-toot-toot-toot!" said the Bugler.
 "Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Subalterns three.
Now ev'ry Subaltern had a very fine growse, and a very fine growse
 had he.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-toot-toot-toot!" said the Bugler.
 "Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Captains three.
Now ev'ry Captain had a very fine cheek, and a very fine cheek had he.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.

"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-too-too!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Majors three.
Now ev'ry Major had a very fine swear, and a very fine swear had he.
"Blankety-blank-blank-blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-too-too!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Colonels three.
Now ev'ry Colonel was a very fine drill, and a very fine drill was he.
"What's the next word of command?" said the Colonel.
"Blankety-blank-blank-blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work!" said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-too-too!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Generals three.
Now ev'ry General had a very fine horse, and a very fine horse had he.
"Hold my horse's head!" said the General.
"What's the next word of command?" said the Colonel.
"Blankety-blank-blank-blank!" said the Major.
"We want leave for a year!" said the Captain.
"We do *all* the work," said the Subaltern.
"Move to the right in fours!" said the Sergeant.
"Fetch me a bottle of beer!" said the Corporal.
"Toot-too-too-too-too!" said the Bugler.
"Very fine boys are we!
There's none so rare, or can compare, with the boys at P.Y.G."

THE GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY.

(Origin Unknown).

Accompaniment by MARY E. THOMAS. F Major. (MSS.)

This song was introduced to climbing circles by H. R. C. Carr, at Pen-y-Gwryd, Christmas, 1920

In eighteen hundred and eighty-one
The American Railway was begun,
The American Railway was begun,
The Great American Railway.

Chorus. Patsy-ori-ori-ay.
Patsy-ori-ori-ay.
Patsy-ori-ori-ay.
The Great American Railway.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-two
I found myself with nothing to do,
I found myself with nothing to do,
So I got a job on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-three
I'd earn'd enough to go on the spree,
I'd earn'd enough to go on the spree,
Through working on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-four
I found myself just as before,
I found myself just as before,
Through working on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five
I found myself more dead than alive,
I found myself more dead than alive,
Through working on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks,
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks,
Through working on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-seven
I found myself half way to heaven,
I found myself half way to heaven,
Through working on the Railway.

Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-eight
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate,
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate,
Through working on the Railway.
Chorus. Patsy, etc.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-nine
St. Peter said, "Come in and dine,"
So now I on a cloud recline,
Overlooking the Railway.
Chorus. Patsy, etc.

MACNAMARA'S BAND.

By J. J. STAMFORD.

Air by Shamus O'Connor. F Major

Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd. A
Rucksack Club favourite, usually sung to an accompaniment of fire-irons, ice-axes,
motor horns, etc.

My name is Macnamara, I'm the Leader of the Band,
And though we're small in number we're the best in all the land.
Oh! I am the Conductor, and often have to play
With all the best musicianers you hear about to-day.

Chorus:

When the drums go bang, the cymbals clang, the horns will blaze
away,
McCarthy puffs the ould bassoon while Doyle the pipes will play;
Oh! Hennessy Tennessy tootles the flute, my word! 'tis something
grand,
Oh! a credit to Ould Ireland, boys, is Macnamara's Band!
Ta-ra-ra-ra, etc.

Whenever an election's on we play on either side,
The way we play our fine ould airs fills Irish hearts with pride.
Oh! if poor Tom Moore was living now, he'd make yez understand
That none could do him justice like ould Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

When the drums go bang, etc.

We play at wakes and weddings, and at every county ball,
And at any great man's funeral we play Dead March in "Saul,"
When the Prince of Wales to Ireland came, he shook me by the hand,
And said he'd never heard the like of Macnamara's Band.

Chorus.

When the drums go bang, etc.

THE WELSH MOUNT-U-AINS.

Accompaniment by MARY E. THOMAS.

Traditional. F Major. (MSS.)

These words, or something like them, were learned by a certain member of the climbing fraternity from his nurse, and memorised more or less accurately by the Editor at Pen-y-Gwryd, Christmas, 1921.

O I was come from Llandinifas, far across the Welsh mount-u-ains,
Where the violets and the daisies and the nanny-goats do dwell,
I come for to look for a loffly young dams-u-el,
But where she has gone to, alas! I can't tell.

Chorus.

So I weeps and I wand-u-ers, o'er the hills and o'er the mount-u-ains,
For the loss of sweet Jennie, O where can she be?

Say, haf you seen her? To you I will describe-u-her:
She wears a red petticoat, she's a hat upon her head,
She speaks when she's talk-u-ing, and she moves when she's walk-u-ing,
And where she has gone to, alas! I can't tell.

Chorus—So I weeps, etc.

She-was-of-the-most-delicate young gend-u-er, and her form it was so
slend-u-er,

And her glance it was so tend-u-er, she's a cast in one eye,
She talks like a parson, and she sings like a nanny-goat,
And where she has gone to, I'm sure I can't tell.

Chorus—So I weeps, etc.

C neffer, neffer, shall I find her! She has gone with a sold-u-er!
So farewell to the violets and the nanny-goats so blue,
Farewell to the moo-cows, 'cross the far hills I'll wand-u-er,
And in the cold wat-u-er I'll lay me down and die!

Chorus—So I weeps, etc.

SUCKING CIDER.

Accompaniment by MARY E. THOMAS

(Origin Unknown.) C Major. (MSS.)

A Rucksack Club favourite.

As I went down the road, I saw

A maid suck cider through a straw-aw-aw.

Chorus. As I went down the road, I saw

A maid suck cider through a straw

I said, "O Maiden, say what for

Do you suck cider through a straw-aw-aw?"

Chorus. I said, etc.

She said, "O Sir, why don't you know

That sucking cider's all the go?"

I said, "O Maiden, is that true?"

Then please let me suck cider, too!"

So cheek by cheek and jaw by jaw

We both sucked cider through that straw.

Now as the straw did chance to slip,

I placed a kiss upon her lip.

She said, "O Sir! I like that more

Than sucking cider through a straw."

I said, "O Maiden, be my wife

And we'll—suck cider—all through life."

So now we're wed, our courtship's o'er,

But we still suck cider through a straw.

And I have got a ma-in-law

Through sucking cider through a straw!

And we have children three or four

And they suck cider through a straw!

GIBBERISH.

(Author unknown. Believed to have originated in the Trenches.)

Air—"There is a Happy Land." C Major. (MSS.)

A Rucksack Club favourite.

I went to a Race-course last July,
Far, far away;
Backed a horse called Kidney Pie,
Far, far away;
My horse it won, I jumped with glee,
Went to get my L.S.D.;
The Bookmaker—Oh! where was he?
Far, far away

Once I joined a German band;
I played the flute;
Outside a hotel in the Strand,
I played the flute;
We stood for four hours in the cold;
A millionaire the manager told
To fill our instruments with gold,—and
I played the flute.

My Mother-in-law was very ill,
I pulled her through;
Though I haven't a doctor's skill,
I pulled her through;
The doctor came at half-past four
And said that my poor Ma-in-law
Was simply standing at death's door,—and
I pulled (or pushed) her through.

My pal Jim is a fireman bold,
He puts out fires;
Went to a fire last week, I'm told,
'Cos he puts out fires;
The fire set alight some dynamite;
Where Jim's gone I don't know quite;
But wherever he's gone he'll be all right, 'cos
He puts out fires.

The boys at school an essay wrote,
Called "The Bitter End,"
Each one wrote an anecdote,
Called "The Bitter End."
The teacher got an awful fright
For this is what my boy did write
"A dog chased our old cat last night
And he bit 'er end."

WHEN DULL CARE.

By RD. LEVERIDGE.

Old English Melody, arranged by H. Lane Wilson. F Major.

A Rucksack Club favourite.

This great world is a trouble
Where all must their fortunes bear :
Make the most of the bubble
You'll have but neighbours' fare.
Let not jealousy tease ye,
Think of nought but will please ye,
What's gone, 'tis but in vain to wish for back again.

When dull care does attack you
Drinking will those clouds repel ;
Four good bottles will make you
Happy : they rarely fail.
If a fifth should be wanted,
Ask the gods, 'twill be granted,
Then you'll easily obtain a remedy for your pain.
If a fifth should be wanted,
Ask the gods, 'twill be granted,
Then you'll easily obtain a remedy for your pain.

CLUB SONGS

AND

PERSONAL DITTIES.

OURSELVES.

By ALFRED CECIL CALVERT.

To an American Air by F. Bullard. B flat.

Sung by J. H. Buckley at the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Annual Dinner, 26th Nov.,
1910, Lewis Moore, President.

There are clubs diverse and many in the Empire's mighty bounds,
But few—if there be any—where such harmony abounds
As in the Yorkshire Ramblers—pot-holers, cragsmen, scramblers;
For we're all the best of fellows in the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

Chorus :

The Yorkshire Ramblers; pot-holers, cragsmen, scramblers—
For we're all the best of fellows in the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

To see the Ramblers climbing is really quite a treat,
For it sets beholders thinking they have suckers in their feet;
But they haven't—it's their muscle and their thews that win the tussle,
Making vertical progression like a walk along the street.

Chorus—The Yorkshire Ramblers, etc.

So here's a health most hearty to ourselves assembled here;
To our merry joyous party, warmed by sunlight of good cheer!
And, both feet on the table (presuming you are able),
To the " Moor(e) " renowned in fable—our noble President!

Chorus—The Yorkshire Ramblers, etc.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Air—"Jonathan Jones."

F Major.

Rucksack Club, Ladies' Night, April, 1921.

This is the song of the Rucksack Club
Born eighteen years ago,
And those who began it, well of course, well of course
They're here to-night, you know.
And why they called it the Rucksack Club
A secret it must be,
But it doesn't much matter, for here we are
At the chorus bold and free.

Chorus :

Ah!—Ah!—
Ho! ho! ho! let it go, let it go,
Tap your feet to get the swing,
All together let us sing,
Hey' ho' hey' that's the way, that's the way,
Roar it out and pay your sub.,
It's the song of the Rucksack Club.

This is the song of the Rucksack Club
And we are all climbers bold,
But we don't climb trees as our forefathers did
In the far-off days of old.
We climb on mountain, moor and fell,
We feed on jam and crumbs,
And how we—some of us—drink, I'd tell
But here the chorus comes.

Chorus :

This is the song of the Rucksack Club
And these are our ladies fair.
And why they're here, well of course, well of course,
We all have a cross to bear;
And what they'll say when we've got them home
By tram or bus or train,
Ah! who can tell? but here we are
At the chorus once again.

Chorus :

So this is the song of the Rucksack Club,
And this is the song we sing,
And why we sing it, well of course, well of course,
It's a suitable song to sing;
But why we sing at all, or why we're here,
Or when we'll meet again,
Ah! who can tell?—but here we are,
At the rousing old refrain.

Chorus :

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING SONG No. 1.

Air—"O dem Golden Slippers."

G Major.

From the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal.

Oh, the big ice axe, it hangs on the wall,
With the gaiters, and the gloves, and the rope, and all;
But we'll polish off the rust, and we'll knock out all the dust,

When we go up the mountains in the snow.
Then our raiment stout shall the cold keep out,
And the good old axe shall again cut tracks,
And the frozen slope shall call for the rope,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus :

Oh, my big hobnailers! Oh, my big hobnailers!
How they speak of mountain peak,
And lengthy stride o'er moorland wide!
Oh, my big hobnailers! Oh, my big hobnailers!
Memories raise of joyous days
Upon the mountain side!

Then our cragsmen bold shall swarm up the shoots,
And shall win their way by unheard-of routes;
While others, never flagging, the tops and peaks are bagging,

When we go up the mountains in the snow.
Though the hailstones rattle, like the shot in battle,
And the whirlwind and blizzard freeze the marrow and the gizzard,
Though it thunder and it lighten, still our hearts it cannot frighten,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus :

For the best of the Club will then be afoot,
From the President down to the last recruit,
And a merry band you'll find us, as we leave the town behind us,

When we go up the mountains in the snow.
Your may tell Tyndrum that we're going to come,
And at Dalmally shall our hillmen rally,
And a lot of other places shall behold our jolly faces,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus :

Let the Switzer boast of his Alpine host ;
But the Scotsman kens of a thousand Bens—
Oh ! their names are most supernal, but you'll find 'em in the
 " Journal,"

- As compiled by that enthusiast, Munro.
The Salvationist takes his pick from the list,
And the agile Ultramontane finds the exercise he's wantin'—
Each gets climbing that'll please him as the mood may chance
 to seize him,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
Chorus :

Good comrades, we of the S.M.C.,
We're a jolly band of brothers, tho' we're sons of many mothers ;
And trouble, strife and worry—Gad ! they quit us in a hurry
 When we go up the mountains in the snow.
For our northern land offers sport so grand,
And in ev'ry kind of weather do we ply the good shoe-leather ;
And from Caithness down to Arran, on the mountains big and
 barren,
You " can trace our little footprints in the snow."
Chorus :

From the sunrise flush, when the hill-tops blush,
Till the moonbeams quiver on the ice-bound river,
We push attack and foray, over ridge and peak and corrie,
 When we go up the mountains in the snow.
When the long day's done, and the vict'ry's won,
And the genial whisky toddy cheers the spirit, warms the body,
Then the ptarmigan and raven, far aloft above our haven,
 Hear our chorus faintly wafted o'er the snow.
Chorus :

LINES TO C.H.P.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Rucksack Club. C. H. Pickstone, President, 1915-16 and 1920.

I.—HEROIC.

O man of monstrous vim, who dost not tire
Though wildly howls the wind in thy left ear,
Who never need'st thy lunch, though men expire
Upon thy tracks for want of food—or beer;
We kneel in admiration of thy powers,
We worship thee, the leader of the band,
Not Macnamara's noisy crowd, but ours,
That chosen crew which once, at thy command,
Charter'd a mule, and started for the Promised Land.

II.—ROMANTIC.

But, even whilst we kneel, it knocks us flat
To think that thou, Charles H., canst condescend
To wolf (thy *sweet* expression!) at Zermatt,
A marachino with a lady friend;
We seem to see thee, too, at Gwern-gof Farm
Imbibing tea—oh! Pickstone *do* take care,
Lest haply thou no more shalt feel the charm
Of Pearce's motor, hurtling through the air
Scouring the countryside for pubs that are—not there.

III.—CLIMAX PERIPATETIC.

Yet after all, these little human traits
Are but the pimples on thine excellence:
And so it is that, after several days
Of arduous toil—regardless of expense—
I've perpetrated this, to say that we
(If only we've a Rucksack filled with prog)
Are proud to be in thy "propinquity,"
Whether we're wallowing in the beastly bog,
Or groping round the cairn on ghastly Golliwog.

WHO ARE THE RAMBLERS?

By J. A. GREEN.

Air—The Yeomen of England.

C Major.

Yorkshire Ramblers' Annual Dinner, November, 1919.

Who are the Ramblers—
The Ramblers of Yorkshire?
The Ramblers are the Cave-men—
The Cavemen of Yorkshire.
Vile are the clothes they wear,
When in this sport they share,
Great is the love they bear
For the pot-holes of Yorkshire!

Chorus :

And Long Kin, and Lost John,
And Gaping Ghyll Cavern,
Have all felt the might
Of the Ramblers of Yorkshire.
No other shire has such pots
As their motherland, old Yorkshire,
And o'er her broad moorlands
May they ever roam.

Where go the Ramblers—
The Ramblers of Yorkshire?
In cavern and in pot-hole
They do take their pleasure!
Stained with the muddy tan,
Cave dirt doth give a man,
Filthy, but happy, in
The pot-holes of Yorkshire!

Chorus :

And Alum Pot, and Rowten,
And Jockey, and Rift Pot
Have all felt the might
Of the Ramblers of Yorkshire!
No other shire has such pots
As their motherland, old Yorkshire,
And on her broad moorlands
Shall they ever thrive,
Shall they, shall they ever thrive!

THE PINNACLE SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

Air—"Father O'Flynn."

A flat

Of Clubs, men can offer alarming variety,—
Alpine, and petrine, and fell-ine Society!
But *though* we may join them—without impropriety—

Here's to the Club for the Women alone!
Always to "follow" is not to "succeed":
Surely it's time that we women should "lead"!—
Steer our own daily routes; smear our own naily boots;
Swear at the Shaly-shoots. All on our own!

Chorus.

Here's a health to our Pinnacle crew,
All that we stand for, and all that we do!
Dames may be cynical,
Ladies are finical,
Women!—here's luck to our Pinnacle crew!

Mountains were meant for the whole world to wonder at!
Climbs were not rent for men only to blunder at!
Women, not sent—just for leaders to thunder at!

Rocks are (examine this word!)—epicene!
Girls may have fibre as finely controlled:
Limbs even lighter to trust on a hold!
Climbing "direction" needs sounder selection
Than any Election that ever has been!

Chorus: Here's a health, etc.

For our talk about "pitches," and "right and left tentacle,"
Why need we choke in the Smokerroom conventicle?
We've our own gossip—not always identical!—

Let us be free to talk "shop" by ourselves!
Better to learn from our women who lead!—
Women will write, too, what women can read!—
Cut our own caperings; puff our own vapour rings;
Stuff our own paper things,—on our own shelves!

Chorus: Here's a health, etc.

So, on the Hills, our joint playground of jollity,—
Ready alike for their frowns and frivolity,—
Climbers, just climbers,—we'll meet on equality,

Members, Associates, women and men!
Roped together, by skill or by speed,
Jack or Jill, on a hill—let the best lead!
Where the hills stand for all, there's the free land for all!
Climbing's the band for all. Once and again!

Chorus: Here's a health, etc.

Clubs have their Rules, and their Hints on Costume for us!
Mountains, their moments of mystical gloom for us!
Cliffs have their climbers,—but yet there'll be room for us!—

Buttress, and Gully, and Pinnacle too!
Where is the heart doesn't leap, when it sees
Sudden—the surge of the crag from the screes!—
Out—for the trusty rock! Rout all the crusty rock!
Shout for the lusty rock! Pinnacle crew!

Chorus: Here's a health, etc.

OH! THE CLIMBERS.

(Author Unknown.)

Air—"Clementine." G Major. (Students', p. 178.)

From the "Fell and Rock" Journal.

O'er the grass slopes, over Boulders,
Weary grinding all the time.
Why this hard and heavy labour?
Only going for a climb.

Chorus. Oh! the climbers. Oh! the climbers,
Oh! the men who go to climb.
I'm so happy when I'm climbing,
For the sport is so sublime.

Light some are, they might be fairies,
Others may be twelve stone nine.
We've all sorts in Fell and Rock Club,
But you just should see them climb.

Chorus. Oh! the climbers, etc.

Up the chimneys, cracks, and ridges,
Anything that man can climb.
Traversing by tiny ledges,
Never back till dinner time.

Chorus. Oh! the climbers, etc.

Ashley, George, or Lyon leading,
Oppenheimer fills the line.
When they're seen at eve returning,
Sure they've been up some new climb.

Chorus. Oh! the climbers, etc.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING SONG No. 2.

Air—"Ten Thousand Miles Away." D Major (Students', p. 126).

From the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal. Vol. XII.

I sing of a Club, and a jolly good Club,
And its Members frank and free,
Professors and Proctors—Divines and Doctors—
And Duffers like you and me.
And the singular thing about which I sing
Is the unanimitee-ee-ee
Of all and each to practise and preach
The creed of the S. M. C.

Chorus.

Sing Ho! my boys, Yo Ho! a climbing we will go!
For climb we must or else we'll rust!
We're off to the hills and the snow-ow-ow!
We're off by the morning train, to climb with might and main!
The sad sea-level's no good for a revel,
So we're for the hills again.

In our gallant band, you can understand
There are parsons two or three;
"You must mend your ways 'ere you end your days,"
Say these excellent men to we—
"Or the hill tops high are as near the sky
As you ever are likely to be-ee-ee.
You can help your souls with Alpine poles
In the ranks of the S. M. C."

Said a famous Judge, "I rule it's fudge
That the Bench and Bar and ye
Should work all day whilst we might play;
And I'm not going to work," said he.
"I don't care a fig for my gown and my wig,
It's the rope and the axe for me-ee-ee,
And we'll settle disputes with our hob-nailed boots
At the meets of the S.M.C."

Now who would scoff at a learned Prof.;
When he says sententiouslee:
"Twixt brawn and brains I've been at pains
To judge impartiallee.
If a man goes strong for the whole day long
On the hills—he's the man for me-ee-ee.
For his brains are bright and his brawn's all right,
And he's fit for the S. M. C."

Said a Doctor sage, "In this modern age
I can speak with certaintee:
If potions and pills won't cure your ills
Then moribund you must be.
But the last resource of the clinical course
That's known to the Facultee-ee-ee,
Is a jolly good climb in the wintertime
With the boys of the S. M. C."

The Merchant stout says "There's no doubt
 The pursuit of £ s. d.,
 With its toil and strife, does shorten life,
 And cause obesitee.
 So my money-bags I shall tear to rags,
 For the best kind of bag for me-ee-ee
 Is my old rucksack going bump on my back
 When I'm out with the S. M. C."

Now already this song is much too long,
 So here's finalitee.
 I've proved in rhyme you all must climb
 If happy you would be.
 For all delights belong to the heights
 Without any doubt—you see-ee-ee
 I give you the toast to please you most,
 The toast of the S. M. C.

AWAY TO THE HILLS, AWAY.

Air—"Blue Bonnets over the Border." E flat. (B. and F.)

From the Cairngorm Club Journal. Vol. I. p. 196.

Though the moon's on the loch, and the mist's on the hill,
 Though the great giant Bens be enshrouded in snow,
 Though the eagles be screaming and maidens be dreaming,
 Buckle ye, brave hearts; like men, bundle and go.

Chorus. Tramp, tramp, Cameron, M'Connochie,
 Tried "Cairngorm Boys," tramp it in order;
 Tramp, tramp, Copland and Anderson—
 Keep up the name this side of the border.

Then away to the hills with your long-swinging strides,
 Away to the glens, be it rain, shine or sleet;
 Climb o'er the frowning crags, with well-filled luncheon bags,
 Rememb'ring the race is not aye to the fleet.

Chorus. Tramp, tramp, Brown, Scott, and Henderson,
 Tried "Cairngorm Boys," tramp it in order;
 Tramp, tramp, Semple, Gillies Rose, Trail—
 Keep up the name this side of the Border.

And when dark clouds are spread; thunders right overhead,
 When ye look down on the steep-sided corrie;
 Think of the wild, weird scene, gazed at through glitt'ring sheen,
 Thrilling the heart with its grandeur and glory.

Chorus. Tramp, tramp, Harvey, and Adamson,
 Tried "Cairngorm Boys," tramp it in order;
 Tramp, tramp, M'Hardy, and Ruxton—
 Keep up the name this side of the Border.

YORKSHIRE.

Words and music by ALFRED CECIL CALVERT

(Music, C Major, MSS., cannot be supplied separately).

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Annual Dinner, November, 1919.

Forty in round numbers are
England's counties, great and small,
And of these shall ever stand
Yorkshire, greatest of them all;
Shouldering the stalwart North,
Buttress staunch and true is she,
Is there county can compare
With her of the Ridings three?

Chorus :

Here's a health, then, lads of the Ridings three,
To the broad-acred shire in the North Countree;
Here's a health to bonnie Yorkshire and all that she enfolds,
From the Humber to the Tees, from the Pennines to the Wolds,
Here's a health, here's a health to Yorkshire.

From her battlemented cliffs,
Facing eastward to the sea,
To her high fells in the west
Guarding moorlands in their lee,
Nature's graces lie revealed
In profusion, wide and free;
Gifts of God to win and charm
All she holds in simple fee.

Chorus—Here's a health, then, lads, &c.

Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane,
All have known her magic spell,
Loved her, spread her fame abroad,
Made the history we tell;
On her honoured roll of fame
We may read who loved her well—
Saint and soldier, prince and peer,
And the lads of dale and fell.

Chorus—Here's a health, then, lads, &c.

And as time doth roll along,
Shall her sons unworthy prove
Of the high inheritance
Long descended of her love?
Never whilst the waves recoil,
Beaten from her rugged coast,
Never whilst her hills do stand
Shall she cease to be our boast.

Chorus—Here's a health, then, lads, &c.

THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN.

By PHYLLIS PROCTOR DOUGLAS.

Air—"Teddy the Tiler." G Major. (MSS.)

The Ladies Scottish Climbing Club.

Chorus :

Whether you feel like smiles or tears,
Follow the Lady Mountaineers.
What care you for weary foot,
Far from servants and shops and soot?
Feel your muscles and grasp an axe!
See to your soles and straighten your backs!
Pocket your nosebags or shoulder your sacks,
And away to the top of a mountain!

What if a modest matron's hopes
Centre about the Pentland Slopes;
Doth not her bolder comrade's eye
Closer gaze to the changing sky?
Whether the peaks of Norway call;
Whether you think you can't climb at all;
Whether it's Albion, Alps, or Gaul,
Struggle up to the top of a Mountain.

Chorus—Whether you feel, etc.

Softly the winds of evening blow;
Sweetly the heather smells, and snow
Gleams in the sunlight far away,
As closes one more glorious day.
Hark to the voices across the stream!
Darkness is falling upon our dreams,
Till once again by the morning beam
We climb to the top of a mountain.

Chorus—Whether you feel, etc.

DOGGEREL.

By FLORENCE M. McLEOD.

Air—"The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." E flat. (B. and F.)

The Ladies Scottish Climbing Club.

Of all clubs in Scotland I'm sure you'll agree
The finest of all is the L.S.C.C.,
With its Meets, and its Walks, and the Ceilidhs so gay,
(The Reports in the *Record* bear out all I say).

Chorus :

Then get out the axes, the compass and rope,
Attack the "Munros" with a heart full of hope,
Follow the ridges, the cairn is the goal,
With a cheer for the Club from the depths of your soul.

Ben Lawers is waiting ; Ben More wrapt in snow
Is a sight of rare beauty, as all climbers know,
The ridge of the Clachlet and Buchaille are here,
To welcome the steps of the brave mountaineer.

Chorus—Then get out the axes, etc.

Ben Nevis, the King of the Mountains we greet ;
Ben Alder's and Cruachan's praises repeat.
Stob Coire an Lochan, the Tarmachan too,
Schiehallion, reflected in Rannoch so blue.

Chorus—Then get out the axes, etc.

The Peak of the Angels, Cairngorm, Macdhui
Rival in splendour the well-loved Ben Lui,
Suilven, Ben Laoghal, Cul Mor and Stac Polly,
An Teallach, and Quinag with ridges so jolly.

Chorus—Then get out the axes, etc.

Our thoughts fly afar to the Isles of the West,
Fair Arran, and Skye, by climbers thrice blest ;
The steep sides of Slioch and dazzling Ben Eay,
Ben Dearg, Meall Buidhe, and Clas Bheinn the grey.

Chorus—Then get out the axes, etc.

Though the Highlands are dearest, we love Lowlands, too,
To the Pentlands and Moorfoots our tribute is due.
The Campsies, Kilpatrick's, the Lowthers as well,
Have each their own tale of adventure to tell.

Chorus—Then get out the axes, etc.

A SONG OF SKYE.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Little Billee."

C Major (MSS.)

August, 1919.

Three climbers weary of the city,
They came to Skye by land and sea.
There was long-legged Herb and short-legged Papa,
And the third she was Miss Pillee.
With bully beef and Oxo tablets,
They packed their sacks for their journee.
They set out full of beans from Broadford,
Three jolly climbers on the spree.
And when they came to Mrs. Johnstone's,
They stayed the night by leave of she.
She sent a guest and half her servants,
These funny climbing folk to see.
Her keeper chased them off the mountain,
A firm but civil servant he.
Miss Pilley rose to the occasion,
And swanked of climbs in Switzerlee.
Next day they climbed Clach Glas and Blaven,
And down to Camasunaree.
Then round the shore towards Glen Brittle,
Replete with fourteen cups of tea.
But hardly had they left Loch Scavaig,
When darkness fell; they could not see.
Said short Papa to long-legged Herbert,
I am so very wearee.
Miss Pilley she is young and tender,
Let's call a halt because of she.
So they wrapped her round with sundry garments,
And laid her down upon the scree.
And Herb prepared a feast of Oxo,
And bully beef and bread and chee.
She gave one sigh of satisfaction
And fell asleep contentedlee.
Then up climbed Herb to the highest pinnacle,
And he cried out "Ho! dawn I see!"
There's Eigg and Rum and the Outer Hebrides,
And there's the top of Ben Nevee.
"There's Mrs. Chisholm cooking breakfast,
There's ham and eggs what's meant for me."
So when at last they reached Glen Brittle,
The others laughed sarcasticlee.
But as for Miss Pilley, they hailed her
The greatest sport of all the three.

THE LANCASHIRE RUCKSACKER.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Poacher." A Major. (Students' p. 224.)

The Rucksack Club Ladies' Night, April, 1920.

When I obtained an appointment
In famous Lancashire,
Full well I served my master
For more than half a year;
Then I became a Rucksacker
As you shall quickly hear,
Oh! 'tis my delight either day or night
At all seasons of the year.

As me and my companions
Was crossing Kinder Low,
'Twas there we spied the gamekeeper,
Did we turn back? Oh! no!
For we can go the pace, my boys,
And jump o'er anywhere,
Oh! 'tis my delight, etc.

As me and my companions
Was crossing Bleaklow Head,
We tried to find the Cut-Gate track,
But found the Ewden instead.
Our hostess met our blandishments
With reprimands severe,
Oh! 'tis my delight, etc.

As me and my companions
Was wandering on the Scout,
We thought of Yorkshire Bridge Hotel,
But turned ourselves about;
For Edale feeds you quite as well,
And Yorkshire Bridge is dear,
Oh! 'tis my delight, etc.

Success to every gentleman
That walks in Derbyshire!
Success to every Rucksacker
Who comes from far or near!
Bad luck to every gamekeeper!
From them we've naught to fear,
Oh! 'tis my delight, etc.

A PINNACLE CLUB MEET.

By CATHERINE L. CORBETT, M.B., Ch.B.

Air—"Solomon Levi." B flat. (Students', p. 266.)

Composed at the first Whitsuntide Meet, at Wasdale, 1921.

O we are the Pinnacle Climbers and we climb up all the rocks,
Leave behind your ribbons and laces, all your Sunday frocks;
Ready made in coats and breeks and patching them every time,
That's the way to get to the top when you go on a Pinnacle Climb.

Chorus.

O, Pinnacle Climbers, climbers, tra la, la, la.

O, Pinnacle Climbers, tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

O, we are the Pinnacle Climbers and we climb up all the rocks;
Leave behind your ribbons and laces, all your Sunday frocks;
Ready made in coats and breeks and patching them every time,
That's the way to get to the top when you go on a Pinnacle Climb.

O, who will steady the young beginner when terror has seized her soul?
And cheer and chide her, and climb up beside her, and put her foot into
a hole?

Who can get up a place that appears on the face of things to be quite
absurd?

Who'll make us all climb if we give her the time? Why, the Secretary
Bird!

O, Pinnacle Climbers, etc.

Two boys came round from the Borrowdale path and joined the merry
throng,

I knew they were twins from the cut of their chins and a family likeness
strong,

They climbed up this and they climbed down that, and they climbed
along the other,

But I nearly fell off when one boy said that he was the other boy's
mother!

O, Pinnacle Climbers, etc.

TRAMPING THROUGH DERBYSHIRE.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Marching through Georgia." G Major (C).

(Also Students', p. 300, in B flat, a most unsingable key!)

Rucksack Club Annual Dinner, October, 1919.

Bang the old piano, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it loud in honour of a Club that's going strong,
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! we've found the recipe,
Hurrah! hurrah! from cares to set you free;
Join us at the week-end and we're sure that you'll agree,
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

How the yokels cheer us when they hear the joyful sound,
How we swallow sandwiches and pastry by the pound;
How the furious keepers seem to sprout upon the ground!
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

Chorus:

How we prize our President, the finest man there be,*
How the trusty Treasurer collects the £ s. d. ![‡]
May the two continue to control our destinee,
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

Chorus:

How we bless the Secretaries, they are a splendid pair,
How the good Librarian keeps the books with every care;
How we love the Editor, although he's never there,
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

Chorus:

Keep the old Club going, whether fortune smiles or frowns;
Life resembles Derbyshire, it has its ups and downs;
Long may we be spared to leave our troubles in the towns,
When we go tramping through Derbyshire.

Chorus:

* P.S.M. occupied both positions in 1919.

OCH! THE COOLIN!

Air—"The Groves of Blarney."

Sligachan Hotel Visitors' Book, April, 1892. From the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal.

The air of "The Groves of Blarney" is better known under the title "The Last Rose of Summer." Sing these lines to it if you can—I can't!—EDITOR.

Och! the Coolin, that'll stand no foolin'!

The rocks at the bottom are terrible hard;
The summit's fine and airy, and the slopes contrairy
Exhaust the vocabulary of an Irish bard.

Gabbro and granite, shure an earthquake began it,
They were pitched in wild confusion in these elegant nooks,
Rocks thrown at random, if you can't understand 'em,
You will find them all catalogued in the geology books.

There's Sguir nan Gillean, one in a million,
Don't you look silly on the western face;
But if you want double, double toil and trouble,
With a mighty perspiration, then Glamaig's the place.

Och! the ridge precarious, makes a party serious,
Climbing until midnight without bite or sup;
And shure the Pinnacle makes a bhoys feel cynical,
For it's quite inaccessible to those who can't get up.

There was John Mackenzie in a silent frenzy,
And the Rev. Pilkington climbing high and low;
High as Chimborazo (the "Alpine Journal" says so),
There was no place short of heaven where they did not go.

Och! the many corries, Walker (that's Mr. Horace)
Thinks that Harta Corrie's named from Mister Hart;
But the glen's the facer! It's an awful place, sir!
It's so far that you are tired long before you start.

Then there's Mister Heelis, lively as an eel is,
He's up the mountains before you can say;
Down at Glen Brittle he only sleeps a little,
While the cuckoo down his chimney passes the time of day.

Speech as sweet as honey—good value for your money.
If you wish for these conveniences, Mister Sharp's the bhoys,
The owdacious climber, and the casual rhymmer,
Join to wish our landlord and his family joy.

Then it's Och! Bhoys the Coolin, that'll stand no foolin'!
The rocks along the bottom are terrible hard;
The summit's fine and airy, and the slopes contrairy
Exhaust the vocabulary of an Irish bard.

WHAT A FINE RAMBLING DAY.

By CLAUDE E. BENSON.

* Air—"The Hunting Day." D Major.

From The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal.

What a fine rambling day,
'Tis as balmy as May;
To the Meet all the Ramblers have come;
Every one will be there,
And all worries and care
Will be left far behind them at home.
See the axes and ropes in array;
The climbers their clinkers display;
Let us join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And all go a-rambling to-day!

Chorus.—We'll all go a-rambling to-day,
All nature looks smiling and gay;
So we'll join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-rambling to-day!

There's our ex-President,
If he said what he meant,
We should certainly none of us climb;
But that's no earthly use,
For he climbs like the deuce,
And has captained us time after time.
A ground where we climbers can play
He discovered for us in Norway,
And he's tackled the Alps
And has bagged all their scalps,
Yet he still goes a-climbing to-day.
Chorus.—We'll all go a-climbing to-day, &c.

We are Ramblers all,
Young and old, great and small;
And each one is a keen mountaineer;
But sometimes we go
To the regions below,
And that is the reason we're here.
There's a hole in the limestone, they say,
Ending somewhere low down in Cathay,
"Old comrades! so long!"
We will meet in Hong-Kong!"
For we'll all go pot-holing to-day!
Chorus.—We'll all go pot-holing to-day, &c.

Cricket, Football and "Goff,"
 At such pastimes we scoff;
 No possible pastime can cope
 With our underground work,
 In the damp and the mirk,
 And the cult of the axe and the rope.
 So lads, let us hasten away!
 Make the best of this jolly fine day!
 O'er the crags and the hills,
 Down the pots and the ghylls,
 Let us all go a-rambling to-day!
 Chorus.—We'll all go a-rambling to-day, &c.

SHOTS FROM A CAN(N)ON.

BY JOHN HIRST, A. S. PIGGOTT, AND OTHERS.

Air—"Three Blind Mice. D Major. (C.)

Rucksack Club Easter Meet, Eskdale, 1921. This form of attack is capable of wide application. Three Climbers in good training may continue the cannonade indefinitely, or until silenced by the enemy's battery.

Minor's Boots! Minor's Boots! Minor's Boots!
 See how they run! See how they run! See how they run!
 He thought they'd ended their days of strife,
 But he had them patched up by the cobbler's wife,
 And now they've got a new lease of life,
 Have Minor's Boots! Minor's Boots! Minor's Boots!
 See how they run! etc., *ad infinitum*.

Corbetts' Beard!
 See how it grows!
 He uses a special kind of soap!
 Old Pearson's ambition and ardent hope,
 Is a section—under the microscope—
 Of Corbett's Beard!

Pickstone's Sack!
 See how it swells!
 He stuffs it with bottles and tins galore;
 When the seams are bursting, he adds some more!
 There is grub enough for an army corps,
 In Pickstone's Sack!

A CONISTON MEET.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"The Three Jovial Huntsmen." F Major.

These verses, sung at the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Annual Dinner, November, 1921, are given as samples only. Verses on the same lines have been sung at many meets in the past, and will doubtless be repeated in the future. Irregularities in the metre can be overcome by free use of "Recitative." See also "The Three Lliwedd Climbers."

There were three jolly climbers, and a climbing they would go,
So they wandered and meandered, and blew their horns also.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said to the other, "Put on your oldest rags!

And we'll dare some deed of derring-do, on desperate Dow Crags!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled and they ambled, and the first thing they did find,
Was an ancient road-way, crawling up, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "'Tis a cart-way," but another, he said "Nay!

'Tis a megalithic porcupine, prolonged to Man-delay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they ambled and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find,
Were squelchy scree-slopes, scuffling down, and those they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "These are rotten screes!" but the other, he said "Nay!

They're the footholds which our forefathers kicked carelessly away!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they gambolled, and they scrambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a concourse in a Cavern, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "This must be the League of Nations, or the Keswick
Convention," but the other, he said "Nay!

'Tis a jumbled jam of climbing freaks, refreshing for the fray!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled, and they ambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a tribe of panting patriarchs, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "These *must* be Archdeacons, or at least ex-Vice-
Presidents?" but the other, he said "Nay!

That's a rank of wrinkled Relatives reciting 'In My Day'!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they ambled and they rambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was an agile, airy Antelope, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "That must be an aerobatic aeronaut, or the present
President!" but the other, he said "Nay!

That is Darwin, demonstrating Man's descent—from Buttress A!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a bland Colossus beaming, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "That leader looks about as genial as Hindenburg," but
the other, he said "Nay!

'Tis our Secretary, smiling in his terse, sardonic way!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they gambolled, and they ambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a mess of Men and Masonry, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said "Those chaps are marking out the Channel Tunnel," but
the other, he said "Nay!

That's a brace of Barrow Experts, bending bites on a belay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled, and they scrambled, and the next thing they did find
Was a Comet, soaring sky-ward, and that they left behind,

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said "That seems a reversal of natural law!" but the other
said "I tell ye

Those are ladies, leading lightly on the lines of Mrs. Kelly!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled, and they rambled, and the next thing they did find
Was an Atlas, moving mountains, and him they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said "Hark to his groans!" but the other he said "Nay!
That's Chorley chortling cheerfully, to cheapen printers' pay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled, and they scrambled and the next thing they did find
Was a vast Homeric Laughter, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said "Well! *they've* got something to talk about!" but the
other he said "Nay!

'Tis the "Major" and our Minor, making merry as they may."

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled, and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find
Was a bluff, black, beetling, bastion-base, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said “ Anyway, *that’s* impossible,” but the other he said “ Nay!
That’s the *classic* Slingsby-Collier-Collie-Solly-tary way!”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they gambolled, and they rambled, and the next thing they did find
Was a mournful man, meandering, and him they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said “ Is it Meditation, or Melancholia? or perhaps there has
been an accident?” but the other said “There has not;

That is Cain, alas, un-Abel to make out a joke by Scott!”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled, and they ambled, and the next thing they did find
Were some lame, limp loiterers, lagging home, and then they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said “ They’ve had enough surely,” but another, he said “ Nay!
Those are Athletes *under eighty*—they’ll be out by break of day!”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So them ambled, gambolled, scrambled, and the last thing they did find
Was Stromboli, in Eruption, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said “ Poor old Coniston, that last shock must have shattered
it to shivers,” but another said “ “ *Oh that*

Is but a *pianissimo* passage, by the basses, in ‘ Baht ‘At.’ ”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they gambolled, scrambled, ambled, and they’ll ramble still, you’ll
find,

While there’s honest Craggs on Coniston, and ropes are strong to bind!

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

Let the cities call it silly! There’ll be better men to say

“ Life were chill, without a thrilly, grilly, hilly, holiday!”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

(Echo.)

“ Life were slack without a bracken-tracking, cracking, wracking day!
Life’s sublime,—for all a griming, sliming, timeless climbing day!”

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

HOW TO BECOME AN EDITOR.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Aesthete" ("Patience"). D Major. (Sav. p. 166.)

Rucksack Club Ladies' Night, April, 1921. H. E. Scott, President.

If you're anxious for to glitter as a comet in the liter-
-ary firmament of your time,
You must struggle to appear as a mighty mountaineer
though you need not really climb.
You must cultivate a motion like a liner on the ocean,
though you much prefer the shore,
And make speeches bright and witty, till the terrified Committee
nominate you Editor.

And the Rucksack boys will say,

As you carve your ruthless way,

"If he can tackle the Editor's job which would certainly not suit me,
What a singularly cultivated kind of man this kind of man must be!"

With unscrupulous duplicity you note the eccentricity
of each companion boon,
And expose it in the Journal in the form of an infernal-
-ly ingenious cartoon,
With explanatory fiction in a weird and wondrous diction
that was never seen before,
And finish off the lot-o with a quasi-Latin motto
out of Pickstone's books on law.

And the Rucksack boys will say,

As your bosom friends you flay,

"If he finds time when he isn't selling yarn to dabble in heraldry
What a really quite exceptionally gifted man this gifted man must be!"

Then you ruthlessly refuse any copy that you choose
from the young aspirants' quills,
And you censor all particular accounts of perpendicular
ascents of well known hills,
If there's any sign of mutiny the copy goes for scrutiny
to Corbett, whom you square,
His verdict's never doubted, so the manuscript is flouted,
and the author tears his hair.

And the Rucksack boys will say,

As the manuscript you lay,

"If he finds fault with literary work which seems quite good to me,
What a singularly literary kind of man this kind of man must be!"

When you're weary of suppressing all the talent they're possessing
and you threaten to resign,
Without any hesitation, to accept your resignation
they respectfully decline,
And by way of coals of fire they reply "Just step up higher,
other Mandarins we have not,
After Minor, after Pickstone, the successor we have fixed on
is the One and Only Scott."

And the outside world will say,

As you hold your cheerful sway,

"If the Rucksack Club can find such men for Presidents as these three,
What a singularly elevated Climbing Club the Rucksack Club must be!"

GAITER SONG.

Composed and spoken by NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., at the "Great Annual," held at Lochearnhead, on Monday, 24th July, 1871.

Air—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." B flat. (Students', p. 280.)

From The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. XI., p. 289, which contains an interesting article on The Gaiter Club.

Having sent away the waiters,
Come, listen, noble Gaiters,
To your Chaplain, as he sings a Gaiter song,
And join in hearty chorus,
With our banner flapping o'er us,
As hand in hand we brothers march along.

Chorus: Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The Club is marching,
Our Gaiter banner overhead unfurled;
With our patron saint ahead,
We march with thund'ring tread,
Per mare et per terras o'er the world.

Oh could I but rehearse,
In either prose or verse,
The story of this Club for to sing.
Still remembering I am dust,
And not the River Trust,
Or even the Lord Provost, I'll begin.

Chorus:

Gaiter Palmerston is gone,
That old lion near the throne,
But ere he died he wrote it with his hand—
"Let not England, tho' I'm dead,
Of invasion be afraid
Whilst my Gaiter Club survives in the land."

Chorus:

Gaiter Hope commands the fleet,
And in battle can't be beat,
For along the line he thus will signalise—
"My Gaiter Club expects,
That upon Britannia's decks,
Every man will do his duty till he dies."

Chorus:

In Ocean's depths a whale
In fury lashed his tail,
While o'er his bleeding nose he dropt a tear,
"I have hit that iron cable,
And to break it am not able,
For that scoundrel Gaiter Thomson laid it here."

Chorus.

Better artist cannot be
 Than Gaiter Dan Macnee,
 The big world and his wife to him have sat ;
 But to see him in his glory,
 You must hear him tell the story
 Of Mr. Watson crying, " Where's my hat?"

Chorus :

Our President rules the sea,
 From New York to Greenock Quay,
 And on Ocean spreads a hundred thousand sails ;
 Gaiter Gibson rules on shore,
 And makes his engines roar,
 O'er a hundred thousand miles of metal rails.

Chorus :

If you travel the world over,
 From Crossmyloof to Dover,
 And touch at either Pole, North and South,
 Upon its spindle bare,
 You'll find Gaiter Chimino there,
 With his little cutty pipe in his mouth.

Chorus :

We have Gaiters in the College,
 Professors great in knowledge,
 Who every book on earth have often read ;
 On a bench a Gaiter Lord
 In his pocket keeps a cord
 To string up anti-Gaiters till they're dead.

Chorus :

GREAT SCOTT.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—" John Peel." D Major. (C.) (Also Students', p. 212. E flat.)

Rucksack Club Ladies' Night, April, 1921. H. E. Scott, President.

D'ye ken Great Scott with his laugh so gay,
 D'ye ken Great Scott with his genial way,
 D'ye ken Great Scott every " Clarion " day,
 As he crows like a cock in the morning.

Chorus : For the sound of his laugh it rings through my head,
 And the jokes that he cracked, and the things that he said,
 Scott's " How d'ye do " would awaken the dead,
 Or the climbers from dreams in the morning.

Yes, I ken Great Scott and his Journal too,
 Brim full of good things, old and new,
 And the eggs go cold as we read it through,
 When it comes by the post in the morning.

So here's to Scott, may his luck be the best.
 May his wit never tire, may his tongue never rest.
 Just shout " Great Scott " when you're feeling depressed,
 And you'll crow like a cock in the morning.

A SEARCH PARTY.

By CONOR O'BRIEN

Air—"I'm Seventeen Come Sunday." G Major.

An incident of Christmas, 1911. N. Egerton Young and E. L. Julian (a fine Irish scholar and athlete who fell in Gallipoli), were benighted on Crib-y-Ddysgyl, and passed an Arctic night in a grotto so small that they took it in turns to stand outside and keep warm by repeating Homer. The search-party was memorable for the fact that Owen, the landlord at Pen-y-Pass, made with it his first Alpine ascent (at midnight), and performed prodigies on the iced rocks and deep snow with two enormous coach lamps.

As I walked out one winter's day for to view the mountains round,
I met a pair of hardy boys come tripping up the ground,
With my rueful lay, well-a-well-the-day! tell the mel—the melancholy
day!

They started out that cold morning for to climb the Parson's Nose,
And their melancholy tragedee this truthful story shows,
With my rueful lay, etc.

They scrambled up the Parson's Nose, and they stood upon his head,
Their thoughts were turned to tea and baths and their feet were turned
to lead,
With my rueful lay, etc.

But when they would have turned them home from the heights of fog
and frost,
Just as soon as they saw anything—they saw that they were lost!
With my rueful lay, etc.

They clambered up, they clambered down, and they clambered all
around;
But of their perambulationings no trace has yet been found!
With my rueful lay, etc.

With storms of words they strove all night for to keep their spirits
brave,
A-competing for an inside berth in an incommodious cave;
With my rueful lay, etc.

With storms of words the search-parties explored all night the slope.
All their hands were full of carriage-lamps and their hearts were full
of hope!
With my rueful lay, etc.

At morning, when the search-parties regained Gorphwysfa's door—
Why! they found those smiling wanderers—not lost, but come before!
With my rueful lay, etc.

So never be a Search Party, but stay at home in bed,
Or the lost ones you are seeking will eat breakfast in your stead!
With my rueful lay, etc.

THE GAY OLD MAJOR.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Drum Major."

F Major.

An appreciation of the Services rendered to the Climbers by the Motor Transport Corps, and especially the G O.M. Pen-y-Gwryd, Xmas, 1920.

Hoot! toot! Here we are! Hear the jolly gear-box jar!—jar!—jar!
People cry as our cars go by, "Hear the jolly gear-box jar,"
All the weary climbers shout when they hear that we're about,
But you do not understand, why they love all chauffeurs, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.

Chorus.

With the steering wheel in hand, don't you think we all look grand?
But you do not understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.
But you do not understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially, especially, especially, the Gay Old Major.

Off we go to the hills betimes, driving happy climbers to their climbs,
With their feet upon the seat, merrily they reach their climbs.
But when ropes come into play, wherefore should we longer stay?
For of course you'll understand, we are *not* rock climbers, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.

Chorus.

With the steering wheel in hand, don't you think we all look grand?
Now of course you understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.
Now of course you understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially, especially, especially, the Gay Old Major.

When the climbing's over, we motor weary climbers to their tea,
What a fuss they make of us, merrily a-drinking tea;
How we sit with them and dine, how *we* order all the wine,
For of course you understand, that's expected of us, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.
When it's time to bid farewell—to the joys of Rock and Fell,
Nothing more for us remains, but to drive them to their trains,
Especially, especially, especially the Dear Old Major.

Chorus.

With the steering wheel in hand, don't you think we all look grand?
Everyone can understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially the Gay Old Major.
Everyone can understand, why the Climbers love us, and
Especially, especially, especially, the Gay Old Major.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

By BASIL T. COURTNEY and C. CHUBB.

Air—"Out in the Open" (G. Merriott Edgar). D Major.

Yorkshire Ramblers' Annual Dinner, November, 1921.

Throughout the wide moorlands of Yorkshire one finds
Wild animals many of various kinds;
They talk of a species that gathers in flocks,
To tumble down potholes and scramble up rocks.

Out in the open by dale and by mountain,
By fell and by crag to the torrents below,
Throughout the West Riding men call them the Ramblers,
All excellent fellows as doubtless you know

Some day perhaps you may light on a camp,
Where every inhabitant looks like a tramp,
And the folks of the district are seized with a fright,
For they lock up their ducks and their chickens each night.

Out in the open with every one passing them,
Every one passing and shouting "What ho!"
It's only the Ramblers a' doing a pothole,
So what does it matter, I'd just like to know?

I once saw a tent in a desolate place,
And a fellow inside with a smile on his face;
Anon through the fresh limpid air there arose,
An aroma which tickled each Rambler's nose.

Out in the open with very few passing him,
Most of them stopped as they shouted "What ho!"
For it was our Percy preparing the breakfast,
And very important, I'd just have you know.

A superior member once made a descent,
To Gaping Ghyll cavern and downwards he went,
Attached to a rope which was lowered apace,
With a very self-satisfied smile on his face.

Up to the open came curses ascending,
And agonised squeals from the pit just below,
The superior member was stuck in the water,
But what did it matter, I'd just like to know?

One night I awoke in my tent with a jump,
My hair stood on end and my heart gave a thump,
A rumble like thunder had broken the night,
Leaving me trembling and pallid with fright.

Out in the open was everyone waking there,
Everyone waking and shouting "What ho!"
It was Tom Booth and Buckley inventing a chorus,
So what did it matter, I'd just like to know?

There are cliffs at Ben Rhydding so fearfully steep,
That even to look at them makes my flesh creep,
But glued to a precipice face you may spy,
An object that looks like a corpulent fly.

Out in the open with every one guessing,
But it is not a fly nor a spider—oh, no,
It's only Fred Seaman embracing a buttress,
So what does it matter, I'd just like to know?

Two men I know are a bit of a curse,
They sing silly songs in appalling bad verse,
They think they are witty, they're full of conceit,
And they sing about every Rambler they meet.

They stand caterwauling with every one groaning there
Everyone yawning and saying "Oh, blow,"
I'm hoping one day that the Ramblers will scrag 'em,
They richly deserve it, I'd have you to know.

OLE MINOR.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Air—"Kingdom Coming." C Major. (Students', p. 302.)

Rucksack Club Meet at Tal-y-Llyn, Easter, 1919. P. S. Minor, President.

Say, climbers, hab ye seen ole Minor, with the whiskers on his face,
Go 'long de road some time dis mornin' like he gwine to run a race?
He seen a rock way up de valley, where de mist lies half de time,
He took his rope and lef' berry sudden an' I spees he's gone to climb.

Chorus.—Ole Minor run, ha! ha!

De climbers shout Ho! ho!

It must be now de kingdom comin' an' de year ob Jubilo.

He's six foot one way, two foot tudder, an' he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so torn he dessent see de tailor an' his breeches patch'd all round;

He climb so much dey make him Presi-dent, he get so active too,
I spees he try to fool dem climbers dat he's only twenty-two.
Chorus:

When Autumn comes up goes ole Minor to the Fell and Rock pow-wow,
I seem to hear his happy voice a-gurgling that he's "not a climber now."

He's a fust-class pal, an' a fine ole feller, but I've told him many a time
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better dan to *want* to go an' climb.

Chorus:

THE REVOLT OF WOMEN.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Blow the Man Down." R Major. (Students', p. 279.)

Composed and sung at Pen-y-Gwryd, Christmas, 1920. The terrible catastrophe foretold in these verses is now an accomplished fact.

There was once a fair climber, you all know her name
Who cried, "Heigho! Turn the men down!
They control all the Clubs, and I call it a shame
But give me some time to turn the men down."

Chorus of Ladies.

Turn the men down, Ladies, turn the men down!
Heigho! Turn the men down,
They can smile if they like, but we'll soon make 'em frown,
Just give us some time to turn the men down.

Counter-Chorus of Mere Males.

Give them some time to turn the men down.

She's a daughter of Erin her friends call her Pat.
Heigho! Turn the men down!
There's no justice for Oireland, so leave it at that
And give her a chance to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

So she nursed her pet grievance until 'twas full grown,
Crying "Heigho! Turn the men down,"
And decided to found a new club of her own,
To give her a chance to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

Then she sought out some sisters who thought the same thing,
Heigho! Turn the men down,
And they fixed an Inaugural Meet for the Spring,
To give them some time to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

There's Miss Wells, who sings ballads of languor and love,
Heigho! Turn the men down,
Though she's more on her game with a rope from above,
Or one from below, to let the men down!

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

And the Merry Miss Dutton is sure to be there,
Heigho! Turn the men down,
If you ask her out climbing, she'll cry, O beware!
"Just give me the chance, I'll turn the men down."

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

When you ask Mrs. Wigner to climb, she replies,
"Heigho! Turn the man down,"
"My husband considers it would not be wise,"
"But give me some time to turn the man down."

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

Each member a qualification must show
Heigho! Turn the men down.
When a lady attacks it, the needle *should* "go,"
So give them some time to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

And those who can't climb are admitted instead—
Heigho! Turn the men down,—
On a knowledge of knots and the use of the "thread,"
So give them some time to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

If these modest requirements they cannot fulfil,
Heigho! Turn the men down,
They'll be labelled "Associate Members" until
They've had some more time to turn the men down.

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

So we've lost our fair mates, for relent they will not,
Heigho! Turn the men down,
They have bid us farewell with this Parthian shot
"Just wait till next Spring! We'll turn the men down."

Chorus and Counter-Chorus.

THE RULE OF THREE.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"Little Billee."

C Major (MSS.)

The names are variable, at pleasure. Most British climbers have at least one initial with an "ee" sound in it—for rhyming purposes.

There were three veterans, came from the City,
And they put forth from P.Y.P.

There was Raymond Bicknell, and Harold Porter,
And the youngest, he was *still* "H.V."!

Their pockets were stuffed with jujubes and ginger,
And half a rum puncheon of Congo tea!

They climbed, by the aneroid, to the East Buttress;
And approached it—*very* gingerlee!

But they had not got beyond Birchtree Terrace,
When they found the rocks were all A.P.!

Said Raymond B. to Harold Porter,
"We can't stand on ceremony, we must stand on *We*!"

Said Harold Porter to Raymond Bicknell,
"You shall not stand upon Yours Faithfullee!"

"But, there's H.V.—he's young and slender!
We both can stand upon the head of *He*!"

So Raymond B. put on his crampons,
And Harold, he stropped his Tric-ou-nee!

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! we must stand upon you!
So come out of the bottom of that Chimnee!"

Then Herbert, characteristically, bethought him—
One never was the Static Root of *Three*!

"O let me first repeat a strâta-gem!
That my dark past has taught to me!"

He hurriedly gym-cracked up a highly-exposed corner;
And mainly by his back and knee!

And, there he lighted on a Delectable Paradise!
And sat, and saw—what he did see!

"Oh, there's Gwern-y-gof-uchaf, Gwern-y-gof-ysaf and Bangor!
And Llyn-cum-Fynnon-Illugwy, and P.Y.G.!"

"And a multitude of British mountaineers, riding on motorbikes!
Led by an ex-President, of our own A.C.!"

So, when they came under the ex-President's broadside,
He said, "This is very reprehensible, Q.E.D.!"

"If Two alone are insufficient, to walk upon a glacier,
Two alone are (certainly) insufficient, to walk upon H.V.!"

So he presidentially, impounded, all Raymond's ginger,
And became silent on the jujubes of Harold P.!

But as for H. V. Reade he made him
A present of *all* the Congo tea!

A NIGHTMARE.

(The Editor regrets his inability to discover the author.)

Shortly before Whitsuntide a prospective participant in the Rucksack Club's Easter Meet at Fort William ate too much supper. The following deplorable consequences occurred about 1-30 a.m.

T'was all on the path to Achintee,
That B——(*) and I were out for a spree
On a fine May morning early.
But the ridges of Nevis were white with snow,
And icy blue were the rocks below,
And it did not seem likely that " Lower " would " go,"
On a fine May morning early.

But we came to the Altt a' Mhuillin glen,
Up the mountain path from Banavie,
And the very next day we came again,
Up the mountain path from Banavie.
And we climbed for hours in a thick Scotch mist,
On the porphyry crags of the Coire na Ciste,
And goodness knows where we got to then,
And it wasn't the track to Banavie !

The rocks were steep and the rocks were high,
And the moon was shining clearly,
And we seemed to be climbing into the sky,
Where the moon was shining clearly :
When all of a sudden we found that we
Were slithering down some endless scree,
And at last we arrived at Achintee,
On a fine May morning early !

* The following footnote, referring to the late Reuben Brierley, appears on the original MSS. :—

" In order to avoid possible misunderstanding it should be noted that Mr. Brierley had nothing to do with the meet at Fort William."

POET AND PIRATE TOO.

A Reminiscence of 1915.

(With apologies to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.)

By JAMES DUNCAN.

CONOR O'BRIEN. A contingent of versatile Irishmen used to sail over to the climbing parties in his yacht. Some of their activities, by land and sea, have contributed to (international) history!

As I looked into the Club one day in quest of a needed drink
A bold lieutenant, in blue and gold, cried "You'll have one with me,
I think!"

His uniform dazzled my wondering eyes, and I asked, "Is it really
you?"

"Yes," he said, "same old Conor, His Majesty's Conor, poet and
pirate too.

I've got a little job at sea, with enjoyable work to do,
You sail and you shoot and sing songs to a lute to encourage your
gallant crew,

Just the thing for a Sinn Fein Imperialist, poet and pirate too."

And ever since then he has been away doing variegated stunts;
He composes Gaelic operas while indulging in submarine hunts;
In rhymed alexandrines he writes his log, no easy thing to do,
But simple for Conor, His Majesty's Conor, poet and pirate too.
When the ship's out of meat and there's nothing to eat, do you think
he goes short and looks blue?

No, he lands from the deep, and steals somebody's sheep, as his ancestors
used to do,

Like a true-born Yorkshire-Limerick man, poet and pirate too.

His martial zest is at its best when anything goes wrong,
It's his duty then to inspire his men with curses and with song;
If the engine won't work he may swear like a Turk, but he gets the
business through,

That's the way with our Conor, His Majesty's Conor, poet and pirate
too,

If his gun-tackle fouls, while the crew blink like owls, in a trice he
can make it run true;

If the ship springs a leak, why, before you can speak, he can fix it
with size or with glue,

For he's carpenter, gunner, commander, cook, engineer, poet and
pirate too.

And so, if the Navy has work on hand that transcends the usual lines,
If some extra swearing has got to be done while they tidy up German
mines;

If, in short, the occasion demands remarks that can be supplied by few,
They signal for Conor, His Majesty's Conor, poet and pirate too,
He can sing, drink, dance, swear, or blazon a shield, or design a cathedral
for you,

In fact there's hardly a job on earth, if he liked, that he couldn't do,
Our herald, musician, tar, paladin, architect, poet and pirate too.

THE HELPER'S LOT.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Policeman's Lot" ("Pirates of Penzance").

F Major. (Sav. p. 35.)

At Whitsuntide, 1920, Eustace Thomas succeeded, on his second attempt, in beating the Fell Record previously held by Wakefield.

When Thomas is engaged in his employment,
Of performing his notorious little "Do's,"
Opportunities for innocent enjoyment
Are afforded us—who bear his grub and shoes.
When we've seen him disappearing in the distance,
It's grand to lie a-basking in the sun.
Though we may not render any real assistance,
The Helper's lot's a very happy one.
Though we may not render any real assistance,
The Helper's lot's a very happy one.

When we've swallowed all the grub he cannot tackle,
And the oranges he's far too done to eat,
It's nice to stroll about and idly cackle,
Of his chances of accomplishing the feat.
When his masseur has attended to our muscle,
And we've driven down the valley in his car,
We thank our stars that *we* don't have to hustle,
And contemplate what damn fine chaps we are.
We thank our stars that *we* don't have to hustle,
And contemplate what damn fine chaps we are.

But alas! there is a beetle in the ointment,
The bloom is off this almost perfect plum,
We thought we had a permanent appointment,
That would gladden us for many years to come
But this year, to our unmerited confusion,
He finished when we thought he'd just begun!
So reluctantly we come to the conclusion,
That the Helper's lot is not a happy one!

PHILIP S. MINOR.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Air—"Solomon Levi." B flat. (Students', p. 266).

Rucksack Club. The first two verses were written in honour of P. S. M.'s fiftieth birthday.

My name is Philip S. Minor, at my office in Fountain Street,
That's where you come to make your will, and I write it all out so neat;
Minor & Co. is the name of the firm, you'll see it upon the sign,
And all the boys they come to me at number twenty-nine.

Chorus :

Oh! Philip S. Minor, Minor, tra, la, la, la,
Poor Jubilee Minor, he'll never be young any more,
Tra, la, la, la.

My name is Philip S. Minor, at my office in Fountain Street,
That's where you come to make your will, and I write it all out so
neat;
Minor & Co. is the name of the firm, you'll see it upon the sign,
And all the boys they come to me at number twenty-nine.

The climbing boys are fond of me, I'm treasurer of the club,
My daily joy is to see each man, and get him to pay his sub.,
I'm at home in a dirty gully, I can rest on a three-inch ledge,
I could spend a week in the Caucasus, or a month on Alderley Edge.

Chorus : Oh! Philip S. Minor, Minor, tra, la, la, la.

* * * *

It's ten years now, I'm sorry to say, since first I sang my song,
But still I'm hearty and still I'm well and still I'm going strong;
I've climbed up Snowdon three times in a day at the age of umpty-ump,
And I'd like to tackle the Town Hall tower, but I might come down
with a bump.

Chorus : Oh! Philip S. Minor, Minor, tra, la, la, la.

A BATTLE OF GIANTS.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Abdul the Bulbul Ameer." C Major. (Students', p. 244.)

At the Rucksack Club Annual Dinner, Nov., 1920, Harry E. Scott proposed the health of the President, Charles Herbert Pickstone. At the dinner in Nov., 1921, Charles Herbert Pickstone proposed the health of the President, Harry E. Scott.

The Sons of the Rucksack are nimble of wit,
And no one dare say that they're not,
But of all jovial jokers, there's one that's just "It,"
He's the Editor, Harry E. Scott.
He can draw pretty pictures and write ribald rhymes,
And sing ditties composed on the spot.
In fact quite the best of the boys at a jest
Is the Editor, Harry E. Scott.

The Rucksack Committee are hardy of jaw,
They're a most argumentative band,
But there's no nut so hard as that magnate of law,
Called Charles Herbert Pickstone of Stand.
If you fear the agenda won't last till the end,
If to talk out a motion you've planned,
If you'd proved white is black, no support you will lack
From Charles Herbert Pickstone of Stand.

Last year when the lawyer had drunken his wine
At the Annual Dinner, he got
On his feet and made jokes on us other poor blokes,
But omitted to reckon with Scott.
Cried the latter "What nerve—he has pinched my preserve!
This requires a severe reprimand";
And being intent upon slaughter, he went
For Charles Herbert Pickstone of Stand.

Said the lawyer "I fear you'll regret this next year,
Though you may think your oratory grand,
For, infidel, know that you've trod on the toe
Of Charles Herbert Pickstone of Stand.
There'll be plenty of fun in the year '21,
I will save up my powder and shot,
And you'll blush like a rose when I rise to propose—
'Our President, Harry E. Scott.'"

Each year when another new Journal we've got,
And its wit-laden pages we've scanned,
We'll chortle with glee to remember how Scott
Took a rise out of Pickstone of Stand.
But wherever the Rucksack is heard in the land,
The story will ne'er be forgot
Of the dinner when Charles Herbert Pickstone of Stand
Got his own back on Harry E. Scott.

THE SONG OF THE INCOMPETENT.

Air—"The Merryman and his Maid" ("Yeomen of the Guard")
D Major. (Sav. p. 109.)

An impromptu, on departure, by the late Miss Hawtry, the novelisi.
Pen-y-Pass, Easter, 1912.

We have no song to sing, O!

Where is your song, O?

It is hidden I ween in what might have been,

And might have been short or long O.

'Tis the song of the rhyme that we cannot make come,

And is set to a tune we can none of us hum,

For our wits are slow, and our lips are dumb

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

Aid us! Aid us!

Misery me! Lackaday dee!

Our wits are slow, and our lips are dumb,

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

We have no boots to wear, O!

Where are your boots, O?

Oh, their soles are split; they no longer fit;

Nor can they be called a pair, O!

They have fallen to bits at the touch of the shale;

And they slip on the grass for the lack of a nail;

But it's never our hearts, it's the boots that fail!

As sure as the rhyme that we cannot make come

Which is set to the tune we can none of us hum,

For our wits are slow, and our lips are dumb,

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

Aid us! Aid us!

Misery me! Lackaday dee!

Our wits are slow, and our lips are dumb,

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

We have no word to say, O!

What would you say, O?

Oh, we say it twice and say it thrice,

And we say it every day, O!

We wish to say we appreciate,

To the utmost everything, early and late,

And though our thanks are inadequate,

It's not our hearts, but our boots that fail,

As they slip about for the lack of the nail,

While we hunt for the rhyme that will not come,

Which is set to the tune that none of us hum,

Oh, our wits are slow, and our lips are dumb,

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

Aid us! Aid us!

Misery me! Lackaday dee!

Our wits are slow and our lips are dumb,

As we sigh for the tunes that evade us!

A MASQUE OF (G. W. Y. AND) P. Y. P.

By HILTON YOUNG.

Pen-y-Pass, Easter, 1912.

(I fell asleep in the shack, when the spirit of A. C. S. passed before my face, and the hair of my head stood up. "I show you," he said, "the spirits of your company, the presence of this Easter and of Easter to come." A procession of appearances followed him, and as each passed it spoke in cryptic rhyme.)

(Et hic loquitur primus inter pares.)

"I am the mystic mountaineer,
Mine is the voice that calls you here
For climbing and for merriment.
My days are not as others' days,
I have small use for common ways
And shun the regular ascent.
Full loath at morn I leave my bed;
At eve I'm somewhere on ahead.
To sing sweet songs I have content."

(G. W. Y.)

"I am that man statistical,
I never erred nor ever shall.
My ways are wise and temperate.
When others' pulses throb and strain
My blood runs coolly in my vein,
My pace is swift and delicate."

(H. V. Reade.)

"I am the master of the seas,
My presence calms an angry breeze,
My puppet is an Admiral.
My washpot is a battleship,
Of five First Lords I had worship;
My spirit broods upon Whitehall."

(V. W. Baddeley.)

"Red as a rose my raiments are,
My secret name is Conchubar,
But Conor to the Sassenach.
I am a Western mariner,
When others fail the Box to stir
I thrust it out and wriggle back."

(Conor O'Brien.)

"I tread the ways my grandsire trod,
Who sore beset the priests of God,
And smote the swine of Gadara.
I sing the Prophet's epitaph,
And gallop like a tragelaph,
Around the rocks at Gorphwysfa!"

(N. T. Huxley.)

"Lo, the seraphic pedagogue,
 In my Sorbonian class-room bog
 I sit and dream of Arcady.
 An exile from some Paradise,
 I rede ye, climbers, mind your eyes
 When I forget and try to fly!"

(G. L. Mallory.)

"I am the King of Anakin,
 The length of ten men's is my limb,
 I make one stride from vale to vale.
 O name me, and you think upon
 That scarlet She of Babylon.
 I am a voiceless nightingale!"

(H. R. Pope.)

"I am my parents' younger son,
 The brother of another one;
 My tummy cleaveth to the ground,
 The level land, I joy therein,
 To climb, I hold it for a sin;—
 Behind a rock my sleep is sound!"

(E. H. Y.)

(One spake) "O start not forth too soon!
 Rest! Rest! and listen to the tune
 Which tinkles from my Cheirophone!"

(J. Duncan.)

(Another spake) "Let others boast;
 I prove to you that least is most;
 For I'm the only H. O. Jones."

(H. O. Jones.)

(Et hic cantant Senatores.)

"Two Under-Secretaries we,
 As meek and modest as can be.
 Who stand and wait, are servants yet!
 In Parliament most eloquent,
 (With one eye on the Permanent
 And one upon the Cabinet),"

(Ch. Trevelyan and F. D. Acland.)

"I am that man called Julian,
 I wot the nations were full wan
 When midnight saw not my descent.
 Few shin it as I shin it. I
 Teach young ideas at Trinity
 To shoot—the man that asks for rent!"

(E. Julian.)

"Here come I, King George the Second.
 What that the Pope with me hath reckoned,
 He singeth small, that holy man!
 I don a dubious array,
 I walk a thousand miles a day,
 Voraciously pedestrian!"

(G. M. Trevelyan.)

" We are a sister and a brother,
 Each celebrated as the other,
 For mental ingenuity.
 For one is Mistress of Romance,
 And one of National Finance
 Romances not less skilfully!"

(Ralph and Miss Hawtrey.)

(*Et hic cantant omnes.*)

" Our Cambrian times are purple times,
 We climb all day peculiar climbs,
 Our rhymes are as peculiar!
 We are the champion revellers,
 When Geoffrey's call our spirit stirs,
 Surely we rise and say: " Ha! ha! "

(*Et hic surgunt, et Ha! Ha! dicunt.*)

SOME PERSONALITIES.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—" There is a Happy Land." C Major. (MSS.)

Rucksack Club Ladies' Night, December, 1919, P. S. Minor (retiring President and Permanent Treasurer) in the chair. This theme may be extended "ad lib." A few verses are given as samples.

Minor's a Treasurer bold,
 He keeps the cash.
 Poor Minor's getting old,
 But he keeps the cash.
 Soon another will be there
 In the presidential chair,
 But old Minor doesn't care,
 'Cos he keeps the cash!

Corbett's a man of brains,
 He knows the ropes.
 Boats, cars, hotels, or trains—
 He knows the ropes.
 Let others waste six d
 On Bradshaw or the A. B. C.;
 J. Rooke's the guide for me,
 He knows the ropes!

Walker's an alderman,
 He'll be Lord Mayor.
 Though he'll be a balder man
 When he's been Lord Mayor!
 How all his pals guffaw
 When Old Walker wags his jaw,
 But won't he just lay down the law
 When he's Lord Mayor!

A MERRY DOLEFUL BALLAD OF KINDER SCOUT.

By ERNEST A. BAKER.

Air—"Abdul the Bulbul Ameer." C Major. (Students', p. 244).

A Song of the Kyndwr Club.

The cliffs of old Kinder were muffled in fogs,
The Downfall was spouting amain,
The fields were all bogs, and it rained cats and dogs,
When the Kyndwr men came up Nab Lane.
Their boots they were patched, and their togs were ill-matched,
Weather-beaten their features, and tanned;
But the rowdiest blizzard that ever was hatched
Were a joy to that valiant band.

At the head of the file came a man with a pile
Of bacon, tinned rabbit, and jam,
For he took as much grub when he went twenty mile
As Nansen bound north in the Fram.
Then the rights-of-way champion bore bravely the rope
Round his breast for the public to see;
On a difficult slope 'twas his symbol of hope,
Or the Nag's Head at Edale, for tea.

And from Cumbria came Tommy of lusty physique,
His hobnails were frightful to see;
And beside him came eke the bold son of the Peak,
The Cragman, J.W.P.
Over mountain and crag, with big boots and big bag,
Struggled Hamish the wily, the red,
With his camera swaddled in bonesetter's rag,
And an Omdurman hat on his head.

And from deep Elden Hole came a thirst-tortured soul,
With entrails for whisky aflame;
Then a batch of shy youths, who were not on the roll,
In their Sunday clothes after him came.
They thought that the Scout was the Peak without doubt
Which the maps painted neatly in green;
And they dreamed there were tea-gardens dotted about,
With plenty of pubs in between.

When the Downfall was reached, quoth J.W.P.,
"Let us rope up and go up yon crack;"
But the novices three said, "We really can't see
Why we shouldn't walk round by the track."
They found it too rough in the bed of the clough,
And too steep on the rocky hill-side;
And they thought that the cliffs were a little too tough,
And the moss-hags a great deal too wide.
Then the mist very quick grew all clammy and thick,
Closing round those three youths like a pall;
And when in the peat-moss they felt themselves stick,
For help did they plaintively call.
And they found them a guide ere their frail accents died
Far away on the pitiless blast,
For anigh in the fog a gruff whisper replied,
"Buck up, Jim, we've got 'em at last!"

Ah! meek was their speech when a keeper took each
By the collar, and asked for his card,
For their aunts and their sisters were far out of reach—
Alas, for that trio ill-starred!
And they spake in alarm, "We intended no harm,
But we can't find a road anywhere,"
Said the keepers, "We've tracked ye right up from Nab Farm,
And we're meanin' to take ye back there."

"The mester's awaitin' below at the house;
We're afeard he's beginnin' to chafe;
Sure, he do love his grouse like a cat love's a mouse,
And he's anxious to know as ye're safe."
As they turned down the clough, from the west came a puff,
And the mist rolled away like a sham,
Revealing the Kinderites perched on a bluff,
Eating bacon, tinned rabbit, and jam.

Cried a keeper, "Perhaps after all 'tis them chaps
As we've after; just look at their bags!
Full o' grouse, that I'll swear, reg'lar bustin' the straps;
We've got 'em, they're fast in the crags,"
Then began a great chase, Hamish Roy made the pace,
Nor cliff, bog, nor torrent could check;
Edale Cross saw the end of that glorious race,
The Kinderites won by a neck.

But a sudden dread stays the great champion of ways;
Oh! where are the novices three?
North and westward they gaze, but no glimpse in the haze
Of those innocent boys can they see.
So the keepers they hail, and their virtue assail
With bribes and a prospect of drink;
And with tragic forebodings they follow the trail
To the Downfall's precipitous brink.

There they searched all around and the bodies they found
Stark and stiff in their Sabbath attire;
But the boulders their whiskerless features had ground,
And their collars were sullied with mire.
Ah, who shall explain what ambition insane
Had got in their foolish young heads,
To climb grim old Kinder in fog, wind, and rain,
When they might have been snug in their beds?

But they smiled in their sleep, as with thoughts sad and deep
The Kinderites made them a tomb,
With the rocks that fall o'er the redoubtable sleep
Where those gentle lads came to their doom.
Young man, whom the Kyndwr Club tempts from your home,
Take the tip from a sorrowing bard,
When madly you'd roam o'er peak, desert, or foam,
Then remember that trio ill-starred.

PEAK-BAGGING.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"Polly-wolly Doodle." F Major. (Students', p. 306.)

Whitsuntide, 1919.

Oh we went to the Lakes for a walk with Thomas
Singing Polly-wolly doodle all the day,
But we didn't do much walking as he ran away from us
Singing Polly-wolly doodle all the day.

He started off with Richards just on midnight, "Summer Time,"
But he left him far behind at the beginning of the climb.

On the summit of Green Gable he managed to go wrong,
Though Richards still maintains that he had taken nothing strong.

He was welcomed by the Harlands on the summit of Great Gable,
And swallowed all the cocoa and refreshment he was able.

The President presided on the summit of Kirkfell,
A function which I'm sure he would perform exceeding well.

On coming down to Wastdale he was going very strong,
But his breakfast didn't suit him and his "innards" all went wrong.

He walked away from Summersgill on going up Bowfell,
But on coming down to Langdale said he wasn't feeling well.

Then he started off with Humphry, who pretends his pace is slow,
But I've been with him a time or two, and so I ought to know.

He was met by Hirst and Manning at The Travellers' Rest,
He was looking very seedy, but he didn't give it best.

So Hirst went off to Thirlspot in his motor like a lord,
For when keeping up with Thomas there is nothing like a Ford.

He came down off Helvellyn like a "Special" from his beat,
And swallowed half a chicken though he said he couldn't eat.

Then the party made for Saddleback beneath a shining moon,
And it really was so pleasant that they got there all too soon.

But Skiddaw top at daybreak is the coldest thing I know,
So we didn't watch the sunrise but "skiddawdled" down below.

Then we finished up at Keswick, and we all had had our fill,
So we put him in his bed, and I believe he's sleeping still.

Oh, it's jolly taking holidays with Thomas on the hills
He not only foots the mountains, but he also foots the bills.

Chorus :

Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well my landladee,
What a story I'll be telling, if I ever reach Helvellyn,
Breaking records isn't good enough for me.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

(Some distance) after Sir Walter Scott

By HARRY E. SCOTT.

Male Voice Quartette by Sir Henry Bishop. E flat.

The Rucksack Club, Ladies' Night, April, 1920.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and bless'd be the great C.H.P.
Long may he live, and have aught that he fancies,
Long may he stay at the top of the tree.
Heav'n send him strength and health,
Earth grant him goods and wealth,
Let him be happy where'er he may go;
While all the climbing men
Send our shout back again,
" Charles Herbert Pickstone, oho ho ieroe!"

He is no weakling to sit in the ingle
Reading his paper and smoking his pipe,
Off to the hills! where the mist and snow mingle,
Off to the moors! with the curlew and snipe.
See how he mounts the rock!
Proof to the tempest's shock!
More it delights him the harder it blow!
Who would not climb a pip,
Under his leadership!
" Charles Herbert Pickstone, oho ho ieroe!"

Proudly he's stood on the summit of Glyder,
Oft has he climbed to the top of Y Garn,
Tramped over Nevis and Snowdon and Skiddaw,
Bathed in the loch and the llyn and the tarn.
Oft we have followed him,
Wishing we had his vim,
Down to Plynlimon or up to Glencoe,
Whilst ev'ry vale and glen
Echoed his praise again,
" Charles Herbert Pickstone, oho ho ieroe!"

Shout, brothers, shout! Let the echoes be carried
Far o'er the hills for the best of the boys.
Shout once again for the lady he married,
Shout till the valleys are fill'd with the noise.
Shout for the girls and boy,
And may they all enjoy
More of life's pleasures as older they grow,
Loud let the " Albion " then,
Ring with his name again,
" Charles Herbert Pickstone, oho ho ieroe!"

THE THREE LLIWEDD CLIMBERS.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"The Three Jovial Huntsmen." F Major.

This Song is rewritten frequently at Pen-y-Pass, and can be adapted to any occasion.
The following are selected from some of the hundreds of verses already extant.
Another selection, describing a "Fell and Rock" meet, is given on another page.

There were three jolly climbers, and a climbing they would go,
So they clambered, and they "hollered," and they blew their horns also.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said to the other, "Use the book for all we find
The Diagrams will shew us all a something to our mind!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled and they gambolled, and the first thing they did find,
Was a straggling moonlit caravan, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

One said "They're midnight revellers!" But another, he said Nay!
"They're Pen-y-Pass, just breakfasted, and getting under way!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled and they ambled and the next thing they did find
Was a Girdling, Gartering Gabriel, who left them far behind!

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said "That's somebody making molecular variations on the
music of the spheres," but another he said "Nay!"

'Tis Mallory mastering monoliths in a mellifluous mêlée!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a vast, vertiginous valley, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

One said, "'Tis the East Gully!" but another, he said "Nay!"
'Tis a passionate, poised pinnacle, poor climbers to betray!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled and they ambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a Guide book "Route II" finish, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "It's a cobweb!" but another, he said "Nay!"
'Tis Andrews dancing tangoes from Atlantis to Cathay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find
Was a "Route II" variation, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "'Tis a Thank-god hold!" but another, he said "Nay!
'Tis a fallen pipe of Conor's, or an Alpine Club belay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they rambled and they ambled, and the next thing they did find,
Was an ancient scree-slope, rattling down, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "'Tis an ash heap!" but another, he said "Nay!
'Tis the hoary jokes of climbing books, indomitably gay!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they scrambled and they gambolled, and the next thing they did find,
Was a Slanting Buttress party, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

One said, "It is the Slanting Slab!" but another, he said "Nay!
They're just Pen-y-Gwryd persons! Come, let's leave them to their play!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

So they turned their faces homeward, and the last thing they did find,
It was Pen-y-Pass at dinner-time, and that they left behind.

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "They are diners!" but another, he said "Nay!
'Tis Earth and Chaos buffeting, O, Let us come away."

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

And they came a fortnight later, and the first thing they did find,
Was an Easter party staying on for weeks and weeks behind!

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there!

And one said, "These are enthusiasts! How they stick round the lounge
chimney and are always trying the piano 'pitch'!" but another,
he said "Nay!"

'Tis the usual aftermath of mountaineers, that goes meandering on till
May!"

Chorus.—Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

THE FOUR GEOFFRIES.

By G. W. Y.

Air—"The Four Maries." E flat. (MSS.)

Pen-y-Pass, Easter, 1921. Most climbing parties suffer from a sameness of Christian names! This impromptu is a sample of a method of revenge, open to all Georges, Peters, Williams, etc.

Chorus: To be sung after each verse.
This night there are four Geoffries,
To-morrow? Ah, well,—we'll see!
There's Geoffrey Thompson, and Geoffrey Taylor,
And big Geoffrey Bartrum and Me!

There is Geoffrey, who comes from some Riding in York—
Whatever that riding may be!
And Geoffrey Taylor, who, since he's a sailor,
Presumably rides on the sea!

There is Geoffrey Bartrum, who scales our climbs,
At least as far as the scree!
And scales high F in the smoke-room clef,—
While he scales, say, a stone more than Me!

Ah, little did the Owens think,
When they opened P.Y.P.,
There'd be Geoffries four on the smoking-room floor
After dinner, *and* luncheon, *and* tea!

And little did our parents think,
When thus they christened We,
How much it would bore us to answer in chorus
When anyone shouted "Geoffree!"

But—Geoffrey Taylor's a motor-bike!—
And a car has Geoffrey T!
And a railway collision *may* give some decision
Between big Geoffrey Bartrum,—and Me!

Chorus.

This night there *are* four Geoffries,
To-morrow? Ah, well,—we'll see!
There's Geoffrey Thompson, and Geoffrey Taylor,
And big Geoffrey Bartrum and Me!

ENVOI.

By JOHN HIRST.

Air—"The Contemplative Sentry" ("Iolanthe.")

B flat. (Sav. p. 176.)

"Fell and Rock" Meet, at Coniston, Feb. 11th, 1922, when an informal dinner was held in honour of Dr. A. W. Wakefield (O.M.) and Dr. T. Howard Somervell, just before their departure on the Mount Everest Expedition.

When Wakefield was a tiny boy,
Bad habits rapidly he fell into;
His leisure time he did employ,
On Scafell, Gable, and Helvellyn too.
And when he went to Labrador
No peace had he, for he could never rest
To think no human foot before
Had trod the summit of Mount Everest.

Chorus:

So let each one rejoice with zest,
Fal lal la, Fal lal la,
As Wakefield's hand he proudly shakes,
Fal lal la, la!
That the Alpine Club, which does its best
(And very seldom makes mistakes),
When it wants to conquer Everest,
Selects a climber from the Lakes.
Fal lal la, la!
When it wants to conquer Everest,
Selects a climber from the Lakes.
Fal lal la.

Now Somervell, you'll not deny,
Has powers of one among a million;
In fourteen hours he conquered Skye,
From Sgurr-nan-Eigg to Sgurr-nan-Gilleann.
He's vanquished nearly every peak
In Switzerland, if what they say is true;
And off he goes on Friday week
To polish off the Himalayas too.

Chorus:

So let each one rejoice with zest,
Fal lal la, Fal lal la,
As both their hands he proudly shakes,
Fal lal la, la!
That the Alpine Club has done its best,
And this time has made no mistakes,
It means to conquer Everest,
So it's got two climbers from the Lakes.
Fal lal la, Fal lal la,
It means to conquer Everest,
So it's got two climbers from the Lakes..
Fal lal la.

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